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THE REPEAL OF THE UNION.

THE great secret is out at last, and a truly portentous secret it proves to be; not less portentous in its governing principle, and even more so in some of its details, than the darkest anticipations had presaged. Mr. GLADSTONE's supporters are not good at blushing; it would be vain to look to them for even a decent confusion of face under any circumstances. Otherwise we should imagine that their mental condition yesterday morning must have been a very painful one. There is a kind of discovery which cannot be pleasant after you have been for weeks past endeavouring to lull your countrymen into a false security by declaring that an apprehended attack upon the unity of the Empire will prove to be a very harmless, and even beneficent, proposal for strengthening it, and after hinting that rumoured concessions to Separation may be found to have dwindled, and suggested safeguards of unity to have grown, until Irish Home Rule presents itself in quite a reassuring form even to the most timorous of Whig politicians. It cannot be pleasant, we say, after preaching for weeks on this text, to find that the illustrious constitution-maker has not only not been at the pains to disguise his attack upon the Union, but has made that attack in a more formidable and determined fashion than was expected even by his worst enemies; that his concessions to Separation are much larger, his safeguards for unity more illusory, than was feared even by the most desponding and distrustful of his friends. Such, however, is the actual state of the case. The reality of the PRIME MINISTER's Irish proposals has proved to be worse than the liveliest fancy had painted it. Worse, that is to say, if we are considering those proposals on their own merits, though, no doubt, better—better through their very badness—if we are estimating the chances of their acceptance by a nation of sane men. It was known that Mr. GLADSTONE would propose to grant absolute, or virtually absolute, legislative independence to Ireland; and he has done so. But it was thought that he would surround the concession with such restraints and precautions as might colourably, perhaps even plausibly, be represented as rendering it innocuous; and this he has completely failed to do. Large portions of the vast and complicated machinery he has constructed have been left absolutely unfenced, while other parts he has been content to guard in a fashion at once so frail and so fantastic that it is almost impossible to believe that even his all-receptive mind can have persuaded itself of the value of the device.

It is time, however, to glance at some of the main features of the Separation scheme; to examine its details with anything like completeness would need an entire number of this *Review*. Ireland is to have a Parliament. The PRIME MINISTER does not shirk the word or trifle with such euphemistic paraphrases as National Council. She is to have a legislative body established by the authority of the Imperial Parliament, to "sit in Dublin for the conduct, both legislative and administrative, under the conditions to be prescribed by the Act, of Irish as distinguished from Imperial affairs." Among Imperial affairs are included all matters relating to the Crown, to army and navy, and to foreign and colonial relations. Trade, navigation, and currency are also to be excepted from the legislative jurisdiction of the Irish Parliament; and it is to be prohibited by express provision of the Act from legis-

lating in a certain matter connected with religion and education. Everywhere outside this very narrow circle of restrictions the independence will be complete. It may deal with all matters of social and domestic life *comme bon lui semble*—play any fantastic tricks it pleases with the obligation of contracts, and the duty of protecting life and property; for it is to have power, as we understand, to create a Constabulary of its own, and generally to conduct itself as a Legislature established under the inspiration and influence of Mr. SHERIDAN and Mr. PATRICK FORD might be expected to do. As to the loyal minority, they are to be protected—oh yes, Mr. GLADSTONE has no hesitation in saying that; and he refers to several more or less elaborately unworkable suggestions for protecting them. But between these he has been unable to decide, his myriad correspondents having apparently placed all of them before him in an equally seductive way. So that, on the whole, he thinks he would prefer, if they don't mind, to leave the loyal minority to be protected in Committee. But it would be unjust to say that they are left wholly unprotected; the very composition and peculiar powers of the Irish Parliament will afford a means of protecting them, and most wonderful its composition is. Its single Chamber is to consist of two orders—one composed of the 28 Representative Peers of Ireland and 75 other members elected for a period of ten years by persons of 25*l.* a year qualification, and themselves possessed of a statutory property qualification of 200*l.* a year. The second order is to consist of the present 103 University, county, and borough members, with 101 others added, elected in the same manner for five years. This amazing body can, on the demand of either order, sit as two Chambers, thus enabling one of them to interpose a veto upon proposals of the other, such veto to operate till the end of three years or until a dissolution, whichever shall last happen. Ireland is to be governed by a Viceroy, as at present—only that he may in future be a Roman Catholic—assisted by a Privy Council; but neither to this Viceroy, as representing the Crown, nor either with or without the advice of his Council, nor to the English Government, nor to the English Parliament, is apparently assigned any sufficient veto, any final control over the legislation of the Irish Parliament.

And now we come to what, though not perhaps the most important, is the most critical provision of the PRIME MINISTER—the provision which speaks eloquently of the controversies through which the Cabinet have already passed, and which is fraught with the promise of future controversy, destined possibly to wreck the measure altogether. Ireland, to put the case in a sentence, is to be taxed by Imperial authority, and yet is not to be represented in the Imperial Parliament. It is easy enough to trace the course by which the PRIME MINISTER has been landed in this, for him, untoward paradox. He started, and from his own point of view rightly started, at the proposition that the Irish members must by hook or by crook be got rid of from Westminster, and for the sake of abolishing their representation he would, we have not the slightest doubt, have granted Ireland full powers of self-taxation. But this last straw was too much even for the backs of his camel colleagues in the Cabinet; this ungilded pill was beyond even their almost boundless powers of deglutition. They insisted on retaining the authority to levy Customs and Excise in the hands of the Imperial Parliament, and Mr. GLADSTONE has had to content himself with the proposal that these

duties shall be collected and held in trust, as it were, for the Irish people, the proceeds to be applied to defraying the expenses of Irish administration, and the balance, if any—that balance which ought to be “fructifying in the pockets of the ‘Irish people’”—to be handed over to the Irish Government, to dispose of as they please. Except as regards Customs and Excise, the Dublin Parliament is to have full powers of taxation; and their first Budget forms an interesting subject of imaginative reflection. But how admirable is the promise of finality in this arrangement! Only less admirable than it is in the plan relating to the composition of the Irish Parliament. But that, indeed, is an effort unique in its kind; it is the very senility of Siéyèsism, constitution-mongering in its dotage.

One word remains to be said on the question of the Constabulary; not because the PRIME MINISTER's proposals on that head were unexpected, but because the point derives special interest from having created the difference of opinion to which we owe Mr. TREVELYAN's resignation. We quite agree that, if all other parts of the scheme had been satisfactory, the late Secretary for Scotland would have been bound to quit the Cabinet on the sole proposal to place the guardianship of law and order in the hands of Mr. FORD's clients; and we congratulate Mr. TREVELYAN, not only on his retirement, but also, and still more, on the manly and outspoken statement in which he explained the course that he has pursued. Whether he had apparently adequate grounds for believing that he and his colleagues could “mould” the policy of the PRIME MINISTER—whether he was justified in forming so liberal an estimate of the amount of political honesty and independence which was to be found in Mr. GLADSTONE's Cabinet—is a question open to the very gravest dispute. Our own opinion is, we must say, that he ought to have known Mr. CHILDERS and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT better. But at worst it was a generous error, and its commission, as serving to emphasize the position of those Minister-clerks whom Mr. TREVELYAN leaves behind him, has, we think, been productive of positive good.

#### THE GENERAL QUESTION.

WE have already discussed the particulars of Mr. GLADSTONE's plan for the separation of England and Ireland, and, for the present, there is no need to say any more about them as particulars. But the question to be decided during the next few days and weeks is of such enormous importance, and its right decision depends so much on the perception by the country of the wood as well as of the trees, that something should also be said on the general aspects of the matter. And among those aspects, putting aside for the moment the objections to any plan of Home Rule, there happens to be an objection to this plan of Home Rule which is of the very gravest character from the purely practical point of view. The extreme advocates of Mr. GLADSTONE have throughout conducted their case with a carelessness which argues either very great want of skill or an extremely cynical contempt for the understanding of those before whom they spoke. At first they protested that Mr. GLADSTONE's intentions were grossly exaggerated. Latterly they have pretended that, whatever these intentions may have been (and this admits that they were *not* previously exaggerated), they have been greatly reduced to suit objections. Surely, it is asked, Englishmen will not refuse to listen to a plan over which so much pains have been spent to meet criticism? Surely there is still virtue in compromise?

This argument overlooks, deliberately no doubt, the fact that there are two entirely different kinds of compromise. There is the compromise which is fought out (or, if anybody likes a less dignified word, higgled out) between honest and avowed partisans of two different ways of proceeding. Such a compromise is not always a success, but, on the other hand, it sometimes is. Each side is likely enough to perceive the weakest points in the other's plan, and to insist on their removal or strengthening, and it may well be that in the result something efficient and workable is reached. But there is nothing like this in the history of Mr. GLADSTONE's present scheme. From the first Mr. GLADSTONE's plan has been an almost avowed and a certainly known trap to catch votes. It has been constructed in secrecy, and whatever modifications it has undergone have been merely the result of endeavours to keep this or that waverer to Mr. GLADSTONE's side. Certain persons had the common sense, the courage, and (in

one case at least) the self-sacrifice, to acknowledge at once that no possible bargaining would make a Home Rule plan a good thing, and to decline all share even in the attempt to elaborate it. Others consented to make the attempt, and gave it up soon as hopeless. The rest hung on; but at least, so it appears, extorted this and that alteration as the price of their adherence. Now a measure with such a history, while it represents no individual conviction, must inevitably have all the drawbacks and none of the merits of a compromise. Its final form represents what has satisfied, not the strongest minds in the Cabinet, but the weakest; not the result of open argument, but of private concessions and bargainings. It has the very least chance of being workable, the very utmost chance of discontenting Ireland without contenting England, that any plan can have. It is all but certain beforehand to need eking and adding, to lead to hitches and deadlocks. It abounds especially in the paper checks and safeguards which are as useless to those who impose as they are irritating to those who undergo them. Now almost the whole argument of the Gladstonian or English Home Rule party is that their way is the only way out of the deadlock; that, whatever the difficulties of Home Rule, they are well compensated by getting rid of the Irish trouble. If, therefore, the getting rid of the Irish trouble becomes unlikely; if, either by not contenting the party it is designed to content, or, by containing incongruous and awkward provisions, intended to content this and that other party or other person, it creates instead of obviating difficulty, the sole inducement for adopting it is gone. And that it must do this, that any measure of such a kind with such a genesis must do this, is very nearly as certain as anything in the uncertain region of politics can be.

Against a plan of such an origin, and supported by a party (if party it can be called) in which the rank and file have no idea except that of blindly following their leaders, and the leaders, all but one or at most two, have been induced to lead, not by agreement in the plan, but by concessions which have just, and no more than just, enabled them to reconcile place and conscience; there ought to be no difficulty in making a strong fight. The main, if not the whole, hope of Mr. GLADSTONE and his followers is that the mutual dislike between the three sections—the Radicals who are not quite reckless or quite stupid enough to follow Mr. GLADSTONE at any cost, the Whigs, and the Conservatives—will overcome their desire to oppose Mr. GLADSTONE in the interest of the country. Probably the strongest hope of all is that with a great number of Liberals resistance will only take the irrational and pusillanimous form of abstention; that, though they may not vote for the destruction of the Union, at the same time they will not vote against it. It will not be creditable to the persons concerned if this hope is fulfilled. No one wants Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and his allies or Lord HARTINGTON and his allies to combine with the Conservatives for the purpose of putting Lord SALISBURY in power. With the present constitution of Parliament Lord SALISBURY could not hold that power, and would probably not think of taking it. But the assumption that there are only two possible chiefs and only two possible parties is one of the most recent date—it dates, indeed, but from the death of Lord PALMERSTON, if not still later—and it is not only unjustified by any sound constitutional theory, but has been most mischievous in practice. It is this assumption, and nothing else, which has led in a short twenty years to the development of theories of party allegiance so utterly preposterous as those which have been uttered by “Liberal ‘M.P.’s” and “Gladstonian M.P.’s” in reference to the Barrow election. The spirit which animated the meeting at the Mansion House last week is the spirit which should animate the various sections of the Opposition at this moment. It is not a question of turning Mr. GLADSTONE out; it is still less a question of putting Lord SALISBURY in; it is not even an immediate question of constructing a Ministry which shall not be headed by one or by the other. It is simply a question of rejecting on the second reading, if possible, and, if not, in Committee, a measure which every section of the said Opposition, however widely it may differ from other sections on other points, honestly and thoroughly believes to be mischievous and dangerous to the State. To speak of combination for such a purpose as conspiring against Mr. GLADSTONE, and so forth, is to use language worthy only of the lunatics (to give them the most complimentary appellation possible) who excommunicated Mr. CAINE with bell, book, and candle not for



threatening to oppose anything, but for declining to give assent beforehand to a measure of which he did not know a single detail. A man does not think what builder he shall employ to reconstruct his house when it is on fire; he puts it out. And just at the present moment the duty of members of the House of Commons who have not reduced their whole ethics, logic, and politics to the one dogma, "Mr. GLADSTONE is not to be interfered with whatever he does," is simply to put the fire out. In helping so to do they may very possibly, or rather they certainly will, find that honesty is the best policy. If the evil genius of England wills that Mr. GLADSTONE's plan should pass the House of Commons, a dissolution is practically certain; if it is rejected, a dissolution is neither certain nor even extremely probable. The rod of the Caucus is not stretched over backsliders, and the example of Barrow shows that "Mr. GLADSTONE right or wrong" is less and less a word to conjure with in the constituencies. From the lowest point of view, therefore, the average Liberal member of Parliament had better think twice before he adopts Mr. GLADSTONE's personal tenure of a certain post as his sole criterion of moral and political duty. As for the points of view which are not low, as for his duty to his constituents and his country, it is scarcely necessary to say much about that. Judges, County Court and other, sometimes say in their haste that there is a great deal of hard swearing about, especially in some very Gladstonian districts. But it would probably be difficult to get fifty members of Parliament beside the Parnellites to declare that, on their honour and conscience, and putting Mr. GLADSTONE's wishes and interests out of the question, they think it a good thing for England or for Ireland to grant the latter an independence incompatible with any guarantees, and at the same time to impose guarantees incompatible with any independence.

#### MR. FORSTER.

THE widespread regret for Mr. FORSTER's death is rendered more acute by the political circumstances of the present time. Others of the same political rank have unwillingly recognized the necessity of dissolving the Liberal party, but few of the seceders have the courage to accept in unequivocal terms the consequences of separation from their chief. Mr. FORSTER had during the earlier part of his career been in advance of most of his colleagues in the advocacy of opinions which were then considered extreme, and the independent course which he sometimes followed implied no tendency to reaction. When he opposed Mr. GLADSTONE's Government on questions of foreign or colonial policy, he differed from his usual allies, not in the judgment which he formed, but in the resolution to support his convictions by his vote. Beginning political life with many prejudices, he had always been an enthusiast for the extension of popular suffrage, and during last year's debate on the Franchise Bill he was as zealous in the same cause as if he had never condemned the conduct of Egyptian affairs. Those who thought that he had conferred but a questionable benefit on the country by the introduction of the Ballot knew that he was earnestly devoted to every measure which tended to increase the power of the numerical majority. His conduct received a less generous interpretation when he came into collision with sectarian bigotry and when he defied the newfangled authority of the Caucus. Some aristocratic sycophants of the multitude were in the habit of ridiculing the rustic appearance and manner which in his case were accompanied by genuine cordiality in social intercourse and by a delicate sense of honour. The possession of courage, which is also a chivalrous attribute, was never denied to him by his bitterest enemies. He had lived to take so much part in the Home Rule controversy as to prove that he would not be cowed by the authority or reputation of his most formidable antagonist. Between personal claims and plain public duty he would not have hesitated for a moment.

The most remarkable tribute to his character and position was his informal nomination as a candidate for the post of Liberal leader on the ostensible retirement of Mr. GLADSTONE in 1875. It is possible that he might have been elected but for the feud with the Dissenters which had arisen from the famous 25th section of the Education Act. The clause itself was not likely to have any considerable operation, and to minds unaffected by theological hatred it seemed perfectly just. The provision that Poor Law Guardians might pay fees for education in denominational schools seemed to

follow naturally from the enactments by which voluntary management and School Board administration were placed on an equal footing. The tender consciences of the Nonconformists were nevertheless shocked by the possible application of public funds to religious instruction, and they never afterwards forgave Mr. FORSTER his proposed toleration of Christian teaching. As he was not of a temper to yield to unreasonable clamour, he maintained his clause, though it was afterwards partially modified. It is possible that the animosity of the sects may be in some degree explained by Mr. FORSTER's change of religious connexion. Although retirement from the Society of Friends had been compulsory, vigilant Nonconformists might easily discover that in the Church of England he had found a more congenial refuge. The Quakers must have disapproved of the eager interest which Mr. FORSTER took in the Volunteer movement, and he made no secret of his sympathy with the Established Church. He would perhaps have been more easily forgiven if he had been an enthusiastic proselyte. The leaders of the party were not likely to trouble themselves about the comparative merits of orthodoxy and of Quakerism; but they had their adherents to consider, and the contemptible squabble about the 25th section probably in some degree affected the choice of a leader.

There is no doubt that the party judged rightly in preferring Lord HARTINGTON to Mr. FORSTER. A thorough man of the world, who was at the same time a dispassionate politician and a loyal partisan, was for many reasons preferable to his more unsophisticated competitor. Lord HARTINGTON's rank, with the independence which it confers, was also rightly taken into consideration; and in the short interval which elapsed before Mr. GLADSTONE displaced his successor, Lord HARTINGTON's conduct of the party fully justified his election. But for his self-denying acceptance of the Irish Secretaryship, Mr. FORSTER would have retained high rank in the party. He had not yet had the opportunity of showing the independence which gave so much offence to his colleagues. Mr. FORSTER owed his position as a candidate for the lead to his character as well as his ability; but he was a powerful, though scarcely an attractive, speaker, and he had proved his Parliamentary aptitude by conducting more than one important Bill through the House of Commons. The Ballot Act, indeed, raised only a simple issue; but the Education Bill was in a great measure framed by its promoter, and it included innumerable details. In both cases Mr. FORSTER had been found equal to the occasion; and it might have been reasonably expected that, if he became Minister, he would conduct the business of the House of Commons with success. He had not yet had experience of the painful operation of carrying a necessary Irish measure in face of incessant violence and insult and of systematic obstruction. He had the less desirable gift of greatly irritating his opponents. The Irish Nationalists outdid the Dissenters in their hatred of Mr. FORSTER, and to the end of his life they had not forgiven him. In the same Session Sir W. HARCOURT carried the Arms Bill, which was equally obnoxious to the anti-English faction, with far less friction. Indifference appears to be less provoking than earnest sincerity, and even a penal law is more tolerable when it is proposed as a mere matter of business.

Mr. FORSTER's administration of Ireland under the Coercion Act was a constant struggle with almost insuperable difficulties. His life was during the whole term of his administration in imminent danger; and so implacable was the feeling of his enemies that for many months after his resignation he was compelled to receive police protection in London. Soon after his return to England he told his friends that he had suffered little from fear, though he was not, as he said, more constitutionally brave than his neighbours; but, as he explained, he had always so much urgent business to do that he had no time to think of his personal safety. His efforts and sacrifices were ill rewarded by the Government whom he served. Before he had left office, Mr. GLADSTONE negotiated the Kilmainham Treaty which would have acquired for the Liberal party the support of Mr. PARNELL, and which was only defeated by the unseasonable impetuosity of the Phoenix Park assassins. If Ireland was more successfully governed by Lord SPENCER and Mr. TREVELYAN, it must be remembered that they were armed with the Crimes Act which had been refused to the representations of Mr. FORSTER and Lord COWPER. After his retirement he more than once referred in Parliament to the threats and conspiracies of the Nationalist faction. Once, when the

Parnellites interrupted him, he told them that they had tried to murder him in Ireland, but that they should not silence him in England. He can, then, scarcely have anticipated that the demands of the rebel Irish would have been conceded by a disloyal Minister. It is well that, even during his illness, he had the opportunity of declaring his irrevocable objection to Home Rule.

Notwithstanding Mr. FORSTER's early training, he took great pleasure in society, and he cultivated a legitimate interest in all ordinary topics of conversation. The same openness of mind was shown in the wide range of his political sympathies, especially in later life. His opinions on foreign and colonial affairs were in many instances affected by the hatred of slavery which has honourably distinguished his former co-religionists. He took a prominent place among those who sympathized with the Northern cause during the American Civil War; and his desire to strengthen the connexion between England and the Colonies was always tempered by his solicitude to protect the coloured races. Although he avoided the error of propounding any definite scheme of confederation, he was the most conspicuous advocate of the eventual union of all parts of the Empire. He wholly rejected the tenets of Mr. CORDEN and Mr. BRIGHT on Indian and Colonial policy. His appreciation of national greatness showed how far he had travelled from the Quaker prejudices of his youth. If he sometimes made mistakes, he had the liberality which is seldom found in combination with official Liberalism. It is impossible to judge whether he would have concurred for the present in the inevitable coalition of all parties which are devoted to the maintenance of English institutions. Except habit, there would have been no sufficient reason for maintaining an isolated position. The various extensions of the suffrage had nearly satisfied the aspirations of his youth, and the Conservatives had been compelled to submit to the Ballot. The issues, which are not yet decided, arise rather between supporters of property and Socialists than among the successors of the old Whigs and Tories. Mr. FORSTER would certainly never have been converted to revolutionary doctrines. Notwithstanding the ill-will which he provoked in some stages of his political life, he leaves a blameless memory. His genial bluntness, his cheerful conversation, and his taste for healthy occupations and amusements were true indications of his manly and generous character.

#### FATE AND FORTUNE-TELLERS.

EVERY one who has had much to do with witches (and most rural magistrates have a good deal) knows that they have by no means ceased to be mischievous. It is not only that they swindle the intelligent rural voter out of his money, but they yet retain much of the maleficent power for the exercise of which they used to be burnt and are still occasionally ducked. We do not mean that they actually fly through the air on the backs of their cats, nor that they metamorphose the neighbours into any animal shape less familiar than that of the common donkey. But they do reveal crimes and discover thefts, much as the priestesses of Dodona did long ago, and they sell love-charms, which may chance to turn the brain of feebler folk than LUCRETIVS. Moreover, they "overlook" men, women, and cattle, and thereby cause as much distress and anxiety in the mind of the agricultural voter as if the evil eye were a phenomenon recognized by science. If a thing is prophesied often enough, it is very likely that the prediction will so work on the public mind as to secure its own fulfilment. In short, there are districts returning Liberal members by an intelligent labour vote in which many of the people suffer nearly as much from witches as Israel did in the days of SAUL, or Zululand under CETEWAYO, or the negroes of New Orleans or Hayti from Voodoo.

Unluckily the arts and influence of the modern witch (by the way, would it be illegal to enlist them at election time?) do not flourish in Somerset and Wiltshire only. Their baleful force extends to the more educated regions of Peckham, where a farrier has just succumbed to the Black Art. An inquest was held this week on CHARLES STACE, of Commercial Road, Peckham, who died under circumstances which the reporter justly calls "extraordinary." STACE perished to procure the fulfilment of a prophecy, quite as HENRY IV. died when he found himself in the Jerusalem Chamber. STACE was observed, by his companions, to

be drinking rum at a rate which excited apprehension. He also declared that he had taken laudanum enough to kill three horses; and it was, indeed, the laudanum kept by a veterinary surgeon for the relief of equine maladies that STACE partook of so freely. Finally, between rum and laudanum and pay-day, poor STACE succeeded in destroying himself. One of the witnesses at the inquest explained the recklessness of his conduct. He was killing himself, as the famous Irish animals committed suicide, "to save himself from slaughter." It had been foretold to him by a woman dwelling near the "Elephant and Castle," and having a familiar spirit, that he would die either in April or May. And die he did—in April. It may not be easy to follow with certainty the train of reasoning which drew the poor fellow to anticipate his fate. He may have said to himself, like MYCERINUS, that, if he was to have a short life, at least it should be a merry one. "The rest I give to joy," he may have said, and "bade the 'dull Gods behold'."

Revels more deep, joys keener than their own.

On the other hand, the copious draughts of laudanum look less like the revelry of a man believing himself doomed than like an attempt to secure forgetfulness. Or, as a final hypothesis, we may be reminded of the gentleman who was told that crumpets would be his bane, and who disappointed medical science by consuming an unparalleled quantity of crumpets and then blowing his brains out. STACE may have made up his mind that not fate nor accident but his own act should end his days, and that, to this extent, prophecy should be falsified. But it would obviously have been wiser to cheat the witch by resolutely out-living the term assigned. In any case, his superstitious belief in the witch of the neighbourhood of the "Elephant and Castle" begat the fulfilment of his prophecy. This, we venture to think, is a case for applying the rural magistrate's reading of a familiar text, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live—in the parish."

Perhaps most of the mischief which the old-fashioned witches did was wrought in this fashion. The confessions of the women, who accused themselves of every inconceivable and impossible horror, were probably not dictated by a mere wish to satisfy their tormentors and be done with life and misery. Part of the confessions at the witch-trials in France or Switzerland or Scotland is mere folklore told as personal experience. Part may be the delusions of hysteria and trance. But that strange part, in which the victims recognize the justice of their sentence, may occasionally have been produced by an actual remorse. These women occasionally were vague half-believers in their casual rites, and knew that they terrorized the neighbourhood, and could occasionally procure the fulfilment of their own predictions, partly, no doubt, by poisons, partly by the consequence of superstitious dread. This class of evildoer is older than organized priesthoods, and, if religion ever perished, would infallibly survive them.

#### THE CROFTERS' BILL.

THE LORD ADVOCATE and SOLICITOR-GENERAL for SCOTLAND have, with a little good-natured help from Mr. TREVELYAN, contrived to make a very successful fight for the Crofters' Bill against the Crofters' representatives. They have carried it to Sub-section 2 of Clause 13 undamaged, and have, it is to be hoped, not yet lost any of their belief in its virtues. As yet the history of the Bill has been the history of a fight between the spokesmen of the Ministry, who have to do as little as is consistent with keeping up an appearance of trying to satisfy the Crofters, on the one hand, and the representatives of these voters on the other. These last have been doing their best to turn the Bill into what they would consider an effective measure. As it was introduced and as it has hitherto remained, it is a Bill for giving some of the Crofters a legal claim to what they already have by custom, and to others who happen to possess a little capital the means of forcing a landlord under certain very definite conditions to give them a chance of employing it. Obviously this is not the kind of measure which is likely to please MESSRS. MACFARLANE, McCULLOCH, and others. They want to give the Crofter, and the cottar too, something they never had, and to be endowed with the power to fine all the landlords in Scotland for the benefit of the tenants. Hence the LORD ADVOCATE has had to struggle along against the opposition of the representatives of the very



people he is supposed to be trying to satisfy, and has had to rely on the support of members who vote for him, not because they like his Bill, but because they heartily dislike the pretensions of his clients.

At every stage the Crofters' members have got up to ask for more, and when it was refused have warned the Ministry that this Bill will be no use. First, and before the Committee stage was reached, Mr. McLAREN rose and moved that power be given to extend the operation of this Bill to other parts of Scotland than the Crofter parishes. That it was introduced to deal with an exceptional state of things in a particular district, and has been justified on no other grounds, did not move Mr. McLAREN at all. He wanted a revolutionary measure, and is not to be fobbed off with a make-believe. When he had retired out-voted, Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL came forward, and moved that, unless Government was to be empowered to give the Crofters money, no sort of good would be done by this Bill. As a mere matter of logic, there is a good deal to be said for this proposition. To be merely told that you may go on starving with a legal claim, and might do such and such things with your money if you had any, can be pleasing to no Crofter. But this is not a matter of logic, and Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL soon found out how useless it was to ask for money from gentlemen who are trying to butter parsnips with fine words. He was well scolded by Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, in a very fair imitation of Mr. GLADSTONE's wiggling of Mr. HOWARD VINCENT, and that episode was closed. Then Mr. MACFARLANE, the Bill being by this time in Committee, proposed to extend its benefits to cottars as well as Crofters. When told that the Bill was meant to please those who rent land, not to give it to such as hold none, he called the ADVOCATE-GENERAL a vile Tory and retired growling. The time may come when all the rural paupers in Scotland shall be pensioned at the expense of the landlords; but not by means of this Bill, and Mr. MACFARLANE must wait. Dr. CLARK in his turn tried to create a tenant-right, from which it would appear that there are Crofters who are able to pay rent and interest on purchase-money. But the Bill has only been brought in because the Crofters are so miserably poor that they do not know how to get on without some kind of State help, and how are these two propositions to be reconciled? It is needless to inquire, the question being not what real good can be done to the Crofter, but how a number of Scotch votes can be most economically bribed. The SOLICITOR-GENERAL for Scotland in Parliamentary language asked Dr. CLARK to dry up. Mr. MACFARLANE, having recovered, then moved an amendment to the effect that Crofters who had claimed pasture-land under the provisions of this Act should not be required to prove that they could stock it. The House refused to give the Land Commission power to take pasture and hand it over to any adventurous Crofter who chose to wait for Providence to supply him with cattle. The clause empowering the Commission to take pasture-land for the benefit of the Crofters is well calculated to displease the representatives of these interesting people. Several Crofters must apply; they must be able to stock the land; they must get it on the estate of which they are tenants; and they cannot get it if a sheep-farm lease stands in the way. To abolish these restrictions is the very natural desire of their members. Therefore, when Mr. MACFARLANE had made his unsuccessful effort, Mr. McCULLOCH tried to carry an amendment to the effect that the pasture-land need not necessarily be taken from the estate on which the Crofters lived; and Mr. HARDCASTLE strove to assimilate sheep-farms to deer-forests. They shared the fate of Mr. MACFARLANE. All this makes a melancholy record for the Crofters, who are no nearer being provided for at the public expense than they were before the Session began. Unfortunately the general history of the Bill cannot be much more pleasing to most of the members who have saved the LORD ADVOCATE from his friends. It does not do nearly so much in the way of confiscation and the furthering of Socialism as Mr. MACFARLANE would like; but it has gone a good way towards introducing Irish land legislation in Great Britain, and it threatens to set up a power between the landlord and the tenant in the Highlands which, whatever else it may do, will effectually destroy all the remaining kindness in their relations.

#### LORD GRANVILLE AT BAY.

THE worm, it is known, will turn; and the spectacle of its turning is always full of interest, especially when it is a worm of proved ingenuity and flexibility like Lord GRANVILLE. Accordingly, though there was much in the speeches at the dinner to Mr. MURRAY SMITH on Wednesday which was attractive, the palm of interest certainly belonged to (let us give him that official title which is least suggestive of Ministerial mishaps and party differences and not least appropriate to the occasion) the Warden of the Cinque Ports. It is from no disrespect to the late Agent-General for Victoria—a public servant of very great merit—that we do not dwell at any length on the occasion of the banquet, which was a complimentary dinner to him on his retirement from the office which he has filled very ably. The Duke of CAMBRIDGE spoke with the *à propos* and ease which make him perhaps the best speaker of this kind of speech among his family (though it has produced not a few good speakers), and he contrived in a very dexterous way to throw in a reference to the question of the hour too guarded to excite offence in any one, and yet too pointed to miss recognition by any. Lord ROSEBURY followed Lord GRANVILLE in plaintively protesting his patriotism (we hope that he may not be about to belie the protest), and there were other interesting utterances. But Lord GRANVILLE's was the speech of the evening, and to Lord GRANVILLE we shall devote ourselves.

No man of sense or sensibility can help being rather sorry for Lord GRANVILLE. It is not well at the close of a long and distinguished career to be known chiefly as the man who could not be made Foreign Secretary, whatever may have been the proximate reasons for the description. The record of Ministers who have held control of foreign affairs is, indeed, full of warnings, as is natural in the case of the most difficult, the most chanceful, and, let wisacres say what they may, the most important of all Ministerial offices. But the TEMPLES and the CARTERETS of the past could console themselves with the thought that either their own want of enterprise or the vicissitudes of party shut them out of power in later life. In Lord GRANVILLE's case that is not so. He has gone on in high office to an advanced period of life, and a very few years ago any one (with, of course, a due proviso for chance) would have supposed him likely to be Foreign Secretary whenever a Liberal Government was "in" to the day of his—let us hope distant—death. Fate, and perhaps some metaphysical aid, willed it otherwise; and his deposition from the office which men of all parties agree that he held with such marvellous ill-fortune was not prevented even by the fact that he is the sole debater of anything like the first class that the great and numerous Liberal party in the Lords (putting "cross-bench minds" aside) can muster. Nor have Lord GRANVILLE's still more recent adventures been exactly of the kind that history regards as happy. He has been of those who have suffered themselves to be tugged wherever Mr. GLADSTONE chose in the eccentric though dimly perceived wanderings of the Government vessel during the last few weeks, and no one in all the gossip of the time has associated his name with any kind of initiative. He is a number in the Cabinet, that is all; and if the casual politician were asked why, he would probably answer, because Lord GRANVILLE represents, and has continued too long to represent, that unlucky phase of Liberal policy and doctrine which poohpoohed the Colonies, held foreign policy to be a thing best discharged in the way of amiable self-effacement, thought as little as it could and talked less about the position of the British Empire, and felt generally disposed to let things alone.

It is only fools who do not recognize, or at least who have no inkling of, their own reputation, and the man who should call Lord GRANVILLE a fool would most assuredly prove himself to be one. Lord GRANVILLE showed on Wednesday that he was very well aware of what men say of him and of his likes, and he took up his parable against the saying with courage. It pleased him to identify the British public with Mr. FROUDE, for which Mr. FROUDE can only be grateful, while the British public in this particular instance has no reason for feeling much offended. With all the engaging softness which he can command, Lord GRANVILLE remonstrated with Mr. FROUDE. First, Was it true to say that a great office and a great party are indifferent, if not hostile, to the Colonies? second, Was it wise? Lord GRANVILLE, with his hand on his heart, denies the truth of the allegation. Lord GRANVILLE, with his hand perhaps

rather more firmly raised to his head, asks Mr. FROUDE whether, if it were true, it would really, you know, be quite wise to say anything of the kind. We are not certain that, skilled diplomatist as he is, this mixture of pleas on the part of the sometime Foreign Secretary was itself altogether discreet. If the allegation is false, it is surely unnecessary to enter into the question of the wisdom of making it. If it is true, Lord GRANVILLE's extreme anxiety to show that the fact ought to be kept dark is rather likely to add to than to diminish its gravity in the minds of colonists and others. Still, it is quite clear that for the moment at any rate Lord GRANVILLE has not the slightest wish to be ranked as a poohpooh of the Colonies. He is prepared in his amiable way to do battle with anybody who says he is, to give him the counter-check quarrelsome first, and to follow it up with the demonstration that the accuser is not only a very uncivil, but a singularly indiscreet, person. Lord GRANVILLE (for Lord GRANVILLE) really got close to *Imperium et libertas*; the hearers and readers of his speech must have expected him to break out into "Rule Britannia" at its close, or at the least into that still more ingenious ditty which THACKERAY reported or invented in the history of Mr. SPEC's Dinner in the City.

Now this is a remarkable change, and to us, of course, a very welcome one. It is quite true that the party and the school to which Lord GRANVILLE belongs have disguised their love for the Colonies and for the outlying parts of the British Empire generally with a most masterly faculty of dissimulation. No one till very lately, no one so lately as at the time of certain transactions about Angra Pequena and New Guinea, could have supposed that Lord GRANVILLE cared anything at all about the Colonies, or about the Colonies' wishes, or about the Colonies' future. They have changed all that. Not only Lord ROSEBERRY, who, to do him justice, has been consistent enough personally in this respect, but so distinguished a disciple, or rather master, of the old Part-in-Peace school as Lord GRANVILLE himself, protests intense affection for the various Englands beyond the sea. Even now he is not quite certain about "extensions," though the Colonies are quite certain about them. Even now he, though disposed to forgive Mr. FROUDE both as a Christian and as a man who enjoys good English, is rather shocked at Mr. FROUDE's rampant imperialism. But he really thinks the Colonies might have some commissions allotted to them in the British army. He is disposed to consider the fortification of King George's Sound. Vancouver and Table Bay engage his attention, and an agreeable idea is excited in the mind of Lord GRANVILLE watching the stately ships go on from the battlements of Walmer, and signalling to them "Are you going to Vancouver? Where is Vancouver?" or something of the kind. However, this is a direction in which the mind must not be allowed to stray, because Lord GRANVILLE, though a little impenitent, displays only that minor and half-excusable order of impenitence which stoutly and, as far as it can, indignantly denies that it has any occasion whatever to be penitent. Lord GRANVILLE is quite sure that there is no party in England that wishes to snub the Colonies; none that wishes to hear as little as possible about them; none that considers their aspirations and desires troublesome things, which, as it stands to reason, ought not to count when there is any danger of annoying or thwarting a European Power. He is quite defiant about it; he stands positively at bay. Far be it from us to urge the hounds upon him in reference to the past. His present state is by much the more gracious, and we only pray Heaven that he may continue in it.

#### AN OLD DREAM.

A VERY old "sell" has been made popular again in Dr. GRUSDLBACH's scheme for freezing people into a state of suspended animation and heating them into life again at will. It is merely the ancient device of the frozen words in RABELAIS and in the adventures of Baron MUNCHAUSEN. It is ABOUT's notion of the officer who was thus frozen and revived in the retreat from Moscow. A sham Report of a non-existent Company for carrying sheep and cattle frozen in this convenient way caused a little mystification two or three years ago. It is said that Mme. ASTIE DE VASSAYRE has requested the Swedish inventor to try his new freezing process on her. This lady was lately reported, falsely it seems, to have fought a duel, and she has otherwise shown her desire to go everywhere where she

was not wanted and to do and suffer all things—apparently in the sacred cause of notoriety. It is to be hoped that Dr. GRUSDLBACH will listen to her entreaties, and cause her to be frozen up. *Volenti non fit injuria*. If the latter and more difficult part of the experiment fails, if the Doctor cannot restore his fair patient to the vital air, why perhaps an ungallant chorus of the *Mikado* might be quoted—"She never will be missed."

"Were it not a pleasant thing," the Laureate asks, "to fall asleep among our friends," and to waken at an indefinite distance of time? It is impossible to expect Dr. GRUSDLBACH to freeze us all till all the modern worry and trouble are over. Death, the great Umpire, will call "over" to the Doctor before that can happen. If he could have frozen Mr. GLADSTONE and the House of Commons on Thursday night, and restored their animation (what there is of it) when a new and less faint-hearted generation of Britons has come to maturity, that, indeed, would be an experiment worth witnessing. Fancy pictures all our statesmanlike jellyfish, who swim molluscous with the current, waking up in an age when Englishmen shall insist on fighting the current, on having their own way in their own affairs, and in coercing everybody who needs coercion. But Dr. GRUSDLBACH, with his ices and apparatus, was not in the House of Commons, not even ensconced under the grating in the floor, where "the voice of an orator is audible," and whence, no doubt, Mr. GLADSTONE's words might be frozen, like those encountered by PANURGE. How strange they would sound when melted and set free in a future generation, if ever there is to come a British generation which will "take it fighting," instead of "taking it lying down"! But these pleasant visions are dreams, and "no man under the sun lives twice, outliving his day." Not even Dr. GRUSDLBACH and all the Swedish mystics of BALZAC's fancy can give man more than his one innings. There is, indeed, a device known to the Mason Wasp; and, if the Doctor can surprise the secret of this insect, he may dispense with the impossible freezing process. The Mason Wasp builds a little clay house, a kind of pot, and at the bottom thereof it lays its eggs. Its young ones will grow up when it has passed away and cannot feed them, so it lays in their food beforehand. They are insect-eaters, and the wasp provides insect food for them. This it does by stinging its victims in such a manner that their animation is suspended. They are alive, and keep fresh against the time when the young wasps will be hatched and want fresh meat. But the victims of the sting cannot stir, not move a wing or a feeler. Now, if Dr. GRUSDLBACH can extract or disengage the principle of the poison in this wasp's sting, and can manufacture it on a sufficient scale, the problem of suspending animation is settled. The problem of restoring it is a different question, but not beyond those resources of civilization which Mr. GLADSTONE has exhausted with such curious and unscientific rapidity. Even if animation cannot be revived, at least the plan which we suggest to the Doctor "has money in it," and will lower the price of fresh meat from Australia to about twopence a pound, thereby increasing agricultural distress and affording an eligible opportunity for lowering wages all round. Could any commercial or scientific discovery do more in the interests of society, of trade, and of the modern world in general? So many other great discoveries have produced exactly the same results that, when the Doctor has convinced himself that his own plan is a failure, we have the most brilliant hopes for the success of our expeditious. And Mme. ASTIE DE VASSAYRE can be experimented on with the stings of the Mason Wasp at once, if she is so set upon experiment.

#### FRANCE.

NOTHING is more noteworthy about the letter which the Archbishop of PARIS sent last week to President GRÉVY than the little apparent impression it has produced in France. Monseigneur GUIBERT is the head of the Gallican Church, and a man who is not likely to take such a serious step as the making of a direct appeal to the head of the State without sufficient reason. Whatever his private political opinions may be, he has never used his place for the purpose of attacking the Republic or helping its enemies. His moderation and his readiness to obey the established Government loyally have notoriously made him unpopular with ecclesiastics of the stamp of Monseigneur FREPPEL. When, therefore, he addresses himself directly to M. GRÉVY, in order to complain of the treatment of the Church, and



to ask for help against the politicians who are openly assailing it, it would seem that he should be listened to with some attention. The general election proved that the parties which are inclined to support the Church have grown stronger within the last few years, and since the dominant section of Republicans has begun to carry out GAMBETTA's anti-clerical policy. The advocate, the cause, and the support are all alike strong enough to be entitled to a hearing. As a matter of fact, however, Paris, whatever may be the case with the rest of France, has been interested for the past week with anything except the ARCHBISHOP's letter and the position of the Gallican Church. It has been discussing a scheme for an underground railway. It has been intent on the trial of a miserable old woman for a sufficiently commonplace murder; and it has been agreeably stirred by a patriotic book with a preface by M. PAUL DÉROULÈDE. With all these pressing matters to attend to, it has had no time to spare for hearing what Monseigneur GUIBERT has to say about the treatment of the Church which is supported by a third of the voters in France. Indifference of this sort is more ominous for the Church than open hostility.

The ARCHBISHOP's letter contains an ignoble story of petty persecution. Nobody who has followed the course of events in France since 1830 with even a slight degree of attention can doubt that he is thoroughly justified in calling on M. GRÉVY to recognize the fairness of his account of what has happened in the last six years. The unauthorized religious orders have been suppressed, which was an undoubted attack on the Catholics, justified no doubt by the letter of the law but by nothing else. When all had been done that could be done by pedantically enforcing the law, the Government of the Republic began to interpret the Concordat in the spirit of a pettifogger. The salaries of the clergy of all ranks have been pared to the quick. The bishops have been mulcted, the canons have been threatened, allowances needed for the support of the cathedrals and their services have been taken away, the ill-paid country clergy have been fined as a body, and in individual cases have been deprived of their only means of support at the arbitrary will of a Minister on the denunciation of their enemies, and without being allowed even to hear the charges against them, far less to defend themselves. While the Church has been chastized in this fashion a steady effort has been made to edge it out of all the institutions in which it has worked most effectually. The very Sisters of Charity have been expelled from the hospitals. The Municipal Council of Paris, which has devoted itself to carrying out the political ideas of M. CARDINAL, that delightful person, has been distinguished by the ludicrous vehemence of its attacks on the Church. It has refused to grant subventions to hospitals which employ Sisters of Charity, and has persisted in this course in spite of the expostulations of the doctors who found themselves, to their ineffable surprise, classed as Clericals and fanatics by the enlightened shopkeepers at the Hôtel de Ville. The Paris Town Council has a certain absurdity of procedure which is all its own; but its spirit has been shared by the Government. Besides clearing the hospitals of the infection of religion, the Republic has set to work to cleanse the schools. It began by insisting that the Church teachers should hold the State certificate—a measure which might be plausibly defended as a necessary guarantee of their competence, but was probably taken in hope that the Christian Brethren and other clerical teaching bodies would find something in the examination which they could not conscientiously consent to touch. When this measure proved ineffectual, there began a series of open attempts to expel religious teaching from the Government schools. M. PAUL BERT was allowed to make an effort to found a religion of his own à la ROBESPIERRE. M. PAUL BERT bored everybody so effectually with his scientific version of the scraggiest of creeds and his little collections of obscenity from the casuists that he has been sent to govern at Saigon; but his works live after him. His successors have, after expelling religion, devoted themselves to turning out religious teachers, not for any alleged incompetence, but on the avowed ground that they are religious. The policy of successive Ministers of Public Worship has been that of M. PAUL BERT minus even his scraggy creed, but also, to do them justice, minus the obscenity. It is now the intention of the Government to forbid any member of a monastic order to teach at all. To such an extent is this hostility carried that the communes are not to be allowed to decide for themselves whom they will employ in their schools. All these attacks on the Church,

all these attempts to shut it out from the work which every sincere Churchman must think it peculiarly bound to discharge, are in themselves enough to justify Monseigneur GUIBERT's expostulation. But, as he points out to M. GRÉVY, there has of late been far more than an attempt to confine the Church within the limits which might be imposed by an even very unfriendly interpretation of the Concordat. Clericalism, which ten years ago, when GAMBETTA saw an opportunity for pushing his own fortunes by exacerbating the quarrels of his countrymen, was supposed to mean the interference of the clergy in favour of one particular party, is now used as synonymous with religion itself. Politicians are not ashamed to make use of the post of Minister of Public Worship to attack what is still the established Church of France. The present holder of the office has attacked it on what he would probably call moral and philosophical grounds. He has made the sort of speeches about it which might be expected from a man with the spirit of a religious Dissenter and the vocabulary of the smaller kind of scientific men. After a six years' experience of hostility, and with the certainty before him of new and bitter attacks, the Archbishop of PARIS is thoroughly justified in believing that the Church *quod* Church is the object of bitter hostility among the Republicans.

Whether the appeal he has made to M. GRÉVY will be of any practical good is quite another question. Monseigneur GUIBERT must be conscious himself that, in expressing his confidence in the PRESIDENT's power to influence his Ministers, and through them the Republican majority, he is doing little more than use a polite phrase required by the circumstances, or, at the best, expressing a desperate hope. If M. GRÉVY endeavoured seriously to check the anti-religious ardour of the Radicals, who are now, and are likely to remain, the dominant party among the Republicans, he would, in all probability, be treated as the staff of the Parisian hospitals were by the MM. CARDINAL of the Town Council. He would be spewed out as a Laodicean—to use the language familiar in the mouths of a class of persons who bear a striking resemblance to the Radicals, little as these last think it. MICHELET, who was neither on the side of the ARCHBISHOP nor of M. PAUL BERT, has defined a bigot as “une bonne ligne droite de férocité sotté.” He attributed the creation of the type to the Jesuits; but the Company deserve neither the honour nor the reproach. The bigot was a known character before LOYOLA, and is to be found very fully developed among the noisiest enemies of his order. There are many good straight lines of stupid ferocity among the Radicals who differ from the catholic type only in using another shibboleth. Their methods and means are almost identical. They will use the power of the State to crush all who differ from them as vigorously as ever did TORQUEMADA, and they are quite as impervious to reason, and quite as opposed to compromise. Against them the only effectual defence of the Catholic Church in France is in its own strength. Unfortunately for the Church it has not the free use of its weapons. If it had only to deal with that section of the Radicals who seek to sever its connexion with the State, the Church might, at the price of some immediate loss, gain an independence which would increase its effective strength. Radicals of this school are, however, a minority. The majority, which can count on the support of other Republicans, and on this point of the Conservatives, is not prepared to be done with the Concordat. They find it far too useful. When the Numantians, in CERVANTES's play, asked SCIPIO to let them decide the quarrel by a stand-up fight between champions, they were told that the man who having a wild beast in a cage opens the door is a fool. The Radicals openly, and the Moderate Republicans tacitly, look upon the Church as the Roman general did on the Spaniards he had penned in his trenches. What the Moderate section would do if they had the power it is not necessary to inquire. For the present they can only support the Radicals who wish to maintain the Concordat. As these last only value this treaty with the Papacy because it keeps a muzzle on the Church which they hate and despise, and rejoice to worry by fretting persecutions, Monseigneur GUIBERT has too probably written in vain, as far as M. GRÉVY and the politicians of the hour are concerned. By appealing to moderate men, however, he may perhaps have given help to his side in the fight, which is going on between the bigotry of the Freethinkers and all that remains of the religious beliefs of France.

## MINING ROYALTIES.

THE House of Commons, and especially the new members, have done their best to reduce Parliamentary legislation to an absurdity, and a still more serious responsibility has been incurred by an uninterrupted series of attacks on various kinds of property. One of the Cornish members has distinguished himself by introducing the silliest measure of the Session, and by also making a bold attempt to annul legal contracts which some of his constituents have found disadvantageous. It would before the last election have seemed impossible that Parliament should be asked to prohibit the delivery by publicans of intoxicating liquids, including beer, to children employed as messengers by their parents. The Bill, if it were passed, would at once become a dead letter; and in the meantime it will have added another precedent to previous instances of officious frivolity. It would seem that some members of the restless faction are beginning to doubt whether their constituents are really inclined to have the most trivial of their daily actions regulated by law. Mr. PICRON himself reminded the House that a working-man is perhaps competent to judge whether he will send a child for a pint of beer, or rather, as an enthusiast suggested, waste half the dinner-hour in fetching it himself. Proposals of this kind have been for the most part directed against the liberty of the less wealthy portions of the community. The customs and comforts of a substantial householder are less liable to the intrusion of meddlesome reformers than the habits of a more gregarious class; but the claim of social and political agitators to regulate the conduct of their neighbours ought to be discountenanced by the whole community. It is true that ambitious novices are more innocently employed in regulating domestic details than in transferring property from undisputed owners to lessees who regret that they have entered into unprofitable bargains.

Mr. CHILDERS has the merit of being the first member of the present Cabinet who has ventured openly to denounce any project of spoliation. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER lately accepted on behalf of the Government the principle of the monstrous Small Holdings Bill. It must be assumed in justice to Sir W. HARCOURT that he knew nothing of the provisions of the measure; but he must have been aware that it was intended to confer large benefits on one section of the community at the expense of another. The proposals of the Cornish deputation which waited on Mr. CHILDERS were still more impudent. It appears that in a time of prosperity or of inflation ten or twelve years ago many mineral leases were granted on the usual terms of reservation of a royalty or stipulated share of the produce of the mine. In some and probably in all the cases a dead rent, or minimum payment, was one of the conditions of the lease. The great fall in the value of minerals has in some instances prevented the mines from being worked, and the adventurers have consequently suffered heavy losses. They thought that the readiest method of recouping themselves would be an appeal to the omnipotence of Parliament. Since the admission of a vicious principle in the Irish Land Bill, almost every unsuccessful speculator has hoped to cancel engagements which may have become burdensome. The Cornish lessees modestly requested the Government to relieve them by reducing the royalties which they had agreed to pay. They were perhaps surprised when Mr. CHILDERS asked them whether they proposed to abolish freedom of contract. It was not his business to add that the claimants were, for the most part, experts in all matters connected with mines. It would not have suited their purpose to assent to Mr. CHILDERS's interpretation of their demand; and, if a condensed report of the proceedings is accurate, they were unable to furnish an intelligible reply. They will probably renew their application when a few more attacks on other kinds of property have proved successful.

Apologists for the proposed transfer to the lessees of a portion of the property of the landlords have published irrelevant statements of the laws affecting mines in other parts of the world. It seems that the rule of ownership, extending upwards to the sky and downwards to the centre, is unknown in many other countries, nor indeed is it absolutely without exception in England. In some countries the minerals belong to the Government. In other districts independent miners have a right to win the ore on certain conditions. In some parts of England, as in the Forest of Dean, private adventurers have or had the privilege of searching for minerals to a limited extent. In new countries it has been

found necessary to establish laws for the settlement of disputes among miners, sometimes only by express or tacit agreement, and in more settled regions with legislative sanction. The diggings of Australia and California and the Diamond Fields of South Africa are occupied under arrangements of the kind; and, as might be expected, no royalties can be claimed under a surface which was lately desert. The legal rights which may exist in foreign countries have no bearing on the distribution of property in England. It is an idle inquiry whether a subdivision of mines, of lands, or of money would be advantageous to those who might become temporary or permanent joint owners. It is evident that no other claimants would have any interest in the question. Copper ore or ironstone would not be cheaper by a fraction if the ground from which it was taken belonged to a hundred owners instead of a single landlord. It is true that some disputants have contended that the royalties are added to the price of the ore; but such a theory is altogether fallacious. The competition of other districts and of foreign countries absolutely regulates the market price of minerals. The Companies which work the mines would of course earn a larger income if they were relieved from rents and royalties; but they must previously have purchased their exemption for its full value. To the investor it is wholly immaterial whether his purchase money is larger or smaller, if the article which he has bought is equally worth its cost. No argument can be used against the title of owners to mines which will not be applicable to landed and other property. Ownership must be either recognized as an ultimate fact or superseded by the crude doctrines of Socialism.

If carelessness and short-sighted indolence were not almost universal defects, it would be surprising that owners of different kinds of property should join in attacks on one another. Their common enemies are both implacable and watchful, nor will the revolutionary party hesitate to quote against its rash allies the doctrines which they have professed when they also were seeking some advantage for their class. Traders and manufacturers who support demands for judicial rents ought to perceive that legislative interference with freedom of contract may afterwards extend to judicial wages and judicial hours of labour. Large farmers will deprecate when it is too late the compulsory division of land; but they may be more readily excused for their appeals to Parliament than the landowners who combine in an attempt to confiscate the property of the Railway Companies. The proposal to abolish at one blow the contracts on which eight hundred millions have been raised is more arbitrary and more unjust than almost any device which agitators have contrived for the confiscation of land. Nevertheless, the list of Committees and associations which support Mr. MUNDELLA's Bill include many Conservatives and many highly respectable landowners; and, notwithstanding Mr. STANHOPE's qualified disclaimer, there is little doubt that the measure would have been proposed by the late Government if it had continued to hold office. It would, perhaps, have been prudent on the part of the Companies to sacrifice, for the purpose of conciliation, the small profit which they derive from the supposed preference which is allowed to certain classes of foreign produce. They have hitherto preferred the more straightforward course of explaining and justifying a legitimate practice which bears the appearance of an anomaly. The low rates, which are thought to involve an arbitrary preference, are regulated by competition with the sea, which costs nothing to construct or to maintain. If the railways were prohibited from taking a share of the trade, the foreign goods would be carried by sea at low rates; so that domestic producers would gain little, and domestic consumers would lose at least as much. Only two or three of the great Companies have any serious interest in the question. It would be for other Companies a question of policy whether they should renounce the right of charging lower rates on cargoes which provide full train loads than on parcels of goods which are less cheaply collected. If the Defence Associations, which are now engaged in offensive warfare with the Companies, would study the question, they might or might not see reason to withdraw their objections. Those of their leading members who own landed estates are ill-advised in attempting to gain a further advantage by an iniquitous disregard of Parliamentary contracts. If their movement is successful, they will, among other inconveniences, have put a stop to almost all enterprise for the future. No capital will be henceforth raised on the security of rates which may be reduced to any amount and at any time at



the instance of a Government Board. The Railway Bill is, both in the amount of property which it affects and in the lawless theories which it implies, the most dangerous English measure of the year. One of its minor effects would be to supply the Cornish lessees on a future occasion with an answer to Mr. CHILDERS's well-deserved taunt. When they are hereafter asked whether they wish to abolish freedom of contract, they may reply that by the confiscation of railway property freedom of contract is abolished already.

#### WEDNESDAY IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

A SKIRMISH over the issue of a new writ is an incident seldom wholly intelligible to outsiders; but the brisk little debate which took place on the question of re-filling the seats vacated at Ipswich by Mr. WEST and Mr. JESSE COLLINGS evoked a more than usually mysterious display of divided opinion. No doubt the agreement between the Whips on both sides, and generally, we may say, between the two front benches, may to some extent explain the opposition which Mr. ARNOLD MORLEY's motion met with from certain suspicious members; though professed zeal for purity of election is seldom free, in the present imperfect state of human nature, from some admixture of regard for party interest, real or supposed. But, on the whole, there was hardly sufficient warrant for Mr. BRADLAUGH's half insinuation that the issue of the Ipswich writ was being resisted for "other reasons than those which its opponents had placed before the House." The question appears to us to be too evidently arguable on grounds of principle and precedent to justify such an imputation. After all, it reduces itself to the very narrow issue as to whether the report of an Election Judge to the effect that corrupt practices have not extensively prevailed at a given election is to be regarded as entitling a constituency to the immediate issue of its new writ, or whether it is advisable to delay such issue until the full report of the evidence is in the hands of the House. The former contention had in this case, of course, the support of very recent precedent. The new writ for Norwich, a constituency reported upon by the Election Judges in terms almost exactly identical with those of the report on Ipswich, was issued without any delay; and it was naturally argued that it would be unfair to the last-named borough to deal with it on a different principle. But, allowing a certain force to this argument, it is still open to question whether the precedent established in the case of Norwich is a sound one. The evidence produced in proceedings on election petitions may be of indefinitely varying import in different cases; and, what is more, it may in any given case suggest the probable existence of more extensive corruption than is actually brought to light before the judges—thus considerably diminishing the weight of their finding that corruption has not extensively prevailed. If, however, the mere fact of this finding is to be deemed conclusive of the right of the constituency to the immediate issue of its writ, it will become impossible for the House to discriminate between such a case as we have just supposed and those of a less suspicious character. We doubt, therefore, whether it would not be advisable in all cases to interpose the few days' delay which is alone necessary to place the House in full possession of the evidence as set forth in the shorthand writer's notes.

The debate on the Church Patronage Bill which succeeded the short discussion was highly commendable in point of tone, and encourages the hope that all parties will co-operate in an attempt to render Mr. LEATHAM's Bill a workable and equitable measure. That it is entitled, however, to this description in its present form is more than we are able to say. We feel compelled to agree with Mr. LEATHAM and Mr. RAIKES as to the impossibility of drawing any sound distinction between the sale of advowsons and that of next presentations; and we find it difficult, therefore, to believe that a measure which takes this distinction for its basis will stand the test of examination and criticism in Committee. Assuredly the two transactions will require to be discriminated by some more convincing distinction than Mr. HUBBARD's remark that the purchaser of an advowson "does not, like the purchaser of a next presentation, have regard generally to his own private and immediate purposes"; whereas the purchaser of a next presentation "desires to have the next gift of the living for some particular presentee." To which there are two obvious answers; first, that in the great majority of cases

advowsons are purchased for the "private and immediate purpose" of presenting some already selected nominee at the next vacancy; and, secondly, that whatever theoretical objections may exist to the power of selling and purchasing a right to exercise a trust on a single occasion must lie with infinitely multiplied force against the power of selling and purchasing the right to exercise such a trust in perpetuity. It is no doubt true, when we pass from theory to practice, that there is a greater probability of the trust being unconscientiously exercised when the right to exercise it is merely acquired *ad hoc*; but that is an argument, not for the sweeping prohibition of all those sales in which such greater probability arises, but for strengthening and extending the existing powers for the prevention of abuse. The provisions of the Bill, moreover, with respect to the sale of advowsons are open to much criticism, and indeed on one point met with almost general disfavour. To restrict the power of purchase, so far as individuals are concerned, to persons possessing or acquiring property in the parish to which the advowson is attached, or in the parish adjoining it or in both, of a net annual value equal to that of the benefice itself, appears well conceived for its purpose, and is certainly much to be preferred to the Bishop of PETERBOROUGH's original proposal to confine such power of purchase to persons "owning half the parish." But the cases where this arrangement is possible must, of course, be exceptional; and it is as regards the other permitted cases of sale that the principal difficulty arises. A patron is to be allowed by the Bill to sell an advowson to public bodies, to trustees not having a power of sale, and to Queen Anne's Bounty Board; the maximum price being limited to five years' annual value of the advowson, and made chargeable on the benefice after the next vacancy. The last proposal for saddling the often scanty stipend of an incumbent with the cost of compensating the expropriated patron was found intolerable by the House of Laymen, to whom it was submitted some weeks ago, and met with scarcely a defender in the House of Commons. Yet it is extremely difficult to indicate any other source from which the money required to redeem the rights of patronage can be drawn. Reformers who are not prepared to go the length of Mr. ILLINGWORTH, and to deny that patrons have any claim to be compensated for the virtual extinction of an assignable interest which has been bought and sold in thousands of cases with the sanction of the law, on the assumption of its assignability—reformers, we say, who are not prepared to go this length had better devote more time than they seem yet to have spared to it to a serious consideration of the question how the expenditure required to carry out their excellent intentions may best be met.

To this question Mr. CHILDERS, who looks forward to the day when the sale of all livings will be abolished, cannot be said to have contributed much. But the HOME SECRETARY is emphatically a type of those reformers who are most anxious to be virtuous at other people's expense; and not much help, perhaps, was to be expected from him. It is to be hoped, however, that when the Bill enters Committee an attempt may be made to recall the attention of the House to what is the real mischief with which legislation has to deal—a mischief to which the sale of patronage is *per se* merely ancillary—namely, the abuse of the patronal trust. It should be needless to point out that, unless such abuses can be effectually checked by it, the mere abolition of the sale of patronage will be useless, while, on the other hand, it will be superfluous if they can be checked in any other way. Now we are by no means prepared to say that a mere transfer of advowsons from private owners to public boards will in itself prove an unfailing security for the proper exercise of the trust, and we are quite certain that no conceivable redistribution of patronage ought to be regarded as superseding the necessity of strengthening episcopal control over the liberty of presentation. The resolutions passed at the meeting above referred to by the House of Laymen—resolutions which that body almost unanimously adopted as an alternative to the Bishop of PETERBOROUGH's proposal on the subject of lay patronage—are certainly worth more attention on the part of Churchmen in the Legislature than they seem yet to have received. In the first of these resolutions the opinion was expressed that "the best remedy for the improper use of patronage is "to extend the powers of the bishop to refuse institution, "and to relieve him in the exercise of such jurisdiction by adding a Council to assist him." The second recorded the opinion, with which we have already indicated our own agreement, that "the evils justly

"complained of with respect to the sale of advowsons can be better dealt with by proper checks and modes of restraint than by the prohibition recommended in the draft of the (Bishop of Peterborough's) Bill." The third condemned any scheme of patronage amendment "which would directly or indirectly divert any portion of the income of a benefice to the advantage of the patron"—thus directly traversing one of the least satisfactory proposals of Mr. LEATHAM'S Bill. We will not go so far as to say that the legislative policy shadowed forth in these resolutions is entirely adequate to the satisfactory settlement of the patronage question; but we feel quite sure that it embodies certain necessary conditions of such a settlement, and is so far preferable to a plan which appears almost or altogether to neglect them.

#### THE ELECTION PETITIONS.

EVERYTHING comes to an end at last, except Wimpole Street and the Stepney election petition, which was the first to be heard and is the last left undetermined. The Hanoverian voters have been struck off the poll by the decision of the Queen's Bench. It is to be hoped that Mr. DURANT and Mr. ISAACSON have both very long purses, or else that they receive material support from their respective parties. The amount which must have been spent upon this petition is simply appalling to think of. For a portion of the cost and of the delay the Election Judges, in this instance Mr. Justice DENMAN and Mr. Justice FIELD, are directly answerable. They might perfectly well have decided for themselves the qualification of the Hanoverians. But the fashionable desire of shirking responsibility was too much for them, and they handed the question over to a Court no stronger, except numerically, than themselves. The point is, no doubt, of some historical interest; but it is not so difficult or so complicated as many of those which a single Judge in the Chancery Division is called upon every week to settle. The inhabitants of Stepney, whose claim alone was argued, were born in Hanover before the separation of the Crowns in 1837. If HER MAJESTY were Queen of Hanover as well as of England, these people would, it was conceded, not be aliens in this country. Sir EDWARD COKE, commonly called Lord COKE, declared in CALVIN'S case that the opposite doctrine was "damned and damnable"—a delicate distinction, into which it would be profane to pry too closely. CALVIN was one of the *post-nati*—that is, the men born in Scotland after the accession of JAMES I. to the throne of England. They were Englishmen as well as Scotchmen. But then HER MAJESTY is not Queen of Hanover, and that is just the difference. As Lord COLERIDGE puts it, "When the union of the two Crowns came to an end, the union of allegiance also came to an end." Since the Naturalization Act of 1870 was passed, these questions of nationality have lost almost all their practical value. Any of these Hanoverians could have been naturalized for a few pounds, and would have gone through that process if they had taken any real interest in English politics and intended to remain in this country. Hanoverians were subjects of the King of England and of Hanover from 1806 to 1837. Before 1806 the Elector of Hanover was not a sovereign, and the allegiance of Hanoverians was due to the Emperor of Germany. In 1806 the Holy Roman Empire came to an end, and during the remainder of his reign GEORGE III., like his sons after him, was King of Hanover. It is doubtful whether even then the allegiance of Hanoverian subjects was not due to the Crown of Hanover rather than to the person who happened to be king of both countries. The doctrine that a man could elect, or, if he pleased, toss up, to decide his allegiance between two sovereigns was treated by the Judges with some contempt, and so the votes were disallowed.

No other petition has been fought with anything like the persistency and pertinacity with which the candidates for Stepney have contended. The accusations against Baron FERDINAND DE ROTHSCHILD in Buckinghamshire broke down at once. The Thornbury case turned partly upon a charge of intimidation, as to which there was little or no evidence, and partly upon a technical point, which was decided in accordance with fairness and common sense. The unfortunate omission to mark a number of voting-papers on the face as well as on the back would, according to the arguments of the petitioner, have enabled him to sit for a constituency which had deliberately chosen

his opponent. If the papers had not been marked on the back, where the number is printed which by comparison with the counterfoil and the register enables the vote and voter to be connected on a scrutiny, the Judges would have had no choice but to reject them. They would have been bound by the express words of the Ballot Act. But as no such words are used in regard to the face, it was happily possible to avoid so unsatisfactory a conclusion. There has been no scandalous or even serious instance of corruption brought to light before the Election Judges this year. At Norwich the Conservative member was unseated for a trumpety piece of bribery, of which he had and could have no cognizance, and it is not surprising that the Liberals should have declined to contest the vacancy. At Barrow Mr. DUNCAN had given some slight refreshment to voters, and though the Judges did not express sympathy with him, or refuse the petitioners their costs, as they did in the case of Mr. BULLARD, no one can say that there was anything more than a technical violation of the law. At Kennington the petition has been dismissed with alacrity, and with something like ignominy, the petitioners having tried and failed to prove their own allegations out of the mouth of the respondent. Ipswich has come worst out of the judicial ordeal, and it is interesting that the neighbour of Eatonswill should retain the smallest fragment of the ancient reputation of the East Anglian boroughs. But even at Ipswich there was nothing very bad proved, and Mr. WEST may at least be pitied. As for Mr. COLLINGS, he was such a very strenuous advocate of purity in Parliament, and resisted so firmly every attempt to mitigate the harshness of the Corrupt Practices Act, that he ought to be congratulated on having obtained the honours of martyrdom. Of course we never know what disclosures might have been made in constituencies where there was no petition, and the necessary deposit of a thousand pounds is a preventive check of some force. But, at all events, it is satisfactory that no Election Commissions will be required, and that nothing like general bribery has anywhere been shown to have occurred.

#### CONSULS AND TRADE.

THE British trader never has been able to see very well what was the good of a Consul, and neither has his skipper. Both are prepared to acknowledge that, considered in the abstract, a Consul might be worth his salary and the pickings he is popularly supposed to make, nobody very clearly knows how. If he came up to their ideal, he would be welcome to his income, which, as a matter of fact, averages rather under than over five hundred a year—no great compensation for exile, by the way. According to the merchant's notion, a Consul's business is to make trade for his countrymen somehow—to do it creditably if possible, but in any case to do it. The skipper looks to him as a protection against foreign custom-houses, local rogues in the ship-broking line, and discontented seamen. When they find out that, in spite of the presence of H.B.M. Consul, at a salary of five hundred a year, business is bad, custom-houses are a pest, rogues are rogues, and discontented seamen are a nuisance, they turn on the unlucky Government official and hold him to be in some mysterious way responsible for these evils.

Mr. McLAREN, true to his principle that Government could make us all happy if it only had not such a fiendish love of grinding the face of the poor, has called the attention of the House of Commons to this, or at least to the trader's share of this, very human liking for making others responsible for our troubles. He moved that the House of Commons should tell HER MAJESTY'S Ministers to order HER MAJESTY'S diplomatic and consular officers to do something energetic and revive expiring commerce. He was sure they did not do enough, not nearly so much as foreign officials of the same kind do, and might effect much more. Mr. PALMER agreed with him, and so did several others. What it was exactly that diplomatic and consular agents were to do, except write more reports, nowhere appeared in the course of this discussion. There was, however, some unanimity as to what they were not to do. They are not, for one thing, to "tout" for orders, which, as it happens, is just what those foreign agents they were to be ordered to imitate are mainly occupied in doing in matters commercial. Mr. BRYCE, with an excellent discretion, observed on the discussion at large that he quite shared the feeling of the speakers, but could not agree with all their observations.



Put into more precise and less Parliamentary language, this means that Mr. BAYCE would very much rejoice to see trade revive, but does not see how the diplomatic and consular service can help it to recover its former plethoric health. Attachés and Consuls could be instructed to write more reports, and Government by a little management could bring them out sooner; but when that was done prices would be no better than they are, and orders would come in no more briskly. Perhaps the Parliamentary Under-Secretary for the Foreign Office felt that he had better make a fight for the Consuls, or else there was no knowing where Mr. McLAREN, *e tutti quanti*, would stop. This gentleman had even heard (with approval) of an instance in which Prince BISMARCK had written to a large manufacturer in the United States asking him if he did not see his way to purchase some of the goods he required in his manufacture from German firms. If this sort of thing is to be a model, even Parliamentary Under-Secretaries might be called upon to bestir themselves personally for Messrs. SMITH, JONES, and ROBINSON. We can, indeed, imagine a much worse employment for the postcards and the time of a Prime Minister than that they should be employed in asking large manufacturers abroad to try and see their way to buy screws at Birmingham. Still, that is not the business of an English statesman. The House of Commons seems to have felt that Mr. McLAREN's motion was, after all, a mere peg on which to hang one of the now familiar melancholy conversations about the decay of trade. It wandered away into the old fields, and lamented the obstinacy of Englishmen in not learning foreign languages, their stolid contempt for foreigners, their unthrifty habits, and their slowness to adopt scientific improvements. There may be any amount of truth in all this, and there probably is a little. English boys like cricket better than German, and when they grow up retain a taste for racing and lawn-tennis. They will have these amusements in foreign parts, will drink Bass when they could get the wine of the country for a quarter of the money, and will wear three times as many clean shirts as their rivals from Prussia. But how can the House of Commons or Ministers or Attachés or Consuls eradicate these vices? Will people who cannot find out what goods are wanted in what market read Blue-books? and, if they do, will they be any nearer getting orders? On the whole, commercial men must help themselves in these things, and must in any case reconcile themselves to the situation. It has only happened once in the life of this one nation to be able to sweep the commercial marine of all Europe off the seas, to remain in peace at home while the Continent was harried by war from end to end, to invent one means after another of profitably employing steam, and to be at hand with all its plant ready when Europe recovered from a revolutionary disturbance. We profited by that happy combination of circumstances, and need not howl because it would not last for ever. Men of business really must make their minds up to do as their grandfathers did, and as foreigners have always done—make money slowly and by their own exertions. They will assuredly be grievously disappointed if they think H.B.M. Consul can relieve them from the common lot.

#### FRANZ LISZT.

THE visit of the Abbé Liszt, after an interval of more than forty years, is an event that appeals to the sympathies of a much wider sphere than the world of music. The welcome accorded him on his appearance at the performance of his oratorio *St. Elizabeth* must be accounted one of the most remarkable incidents in a long life of triumphs, as it is certainly without a parallel in the history of music in England. It is fortunately superfluous at this date to contend that this catholicity of homage is anything but natural and spontaneous, even in a country where the works of the composer have never known but a small though faithful following. The praiseworthy efforts of Mr. BACHE and Dr. WYLDE to obtain a hearing for the compositions of LISZT may now possibly bear fruit; yet it were idle to trace to the influence of works so seldom heard, and until this week so inadequately performed, any large measure of popular enthusiasm. We must seek elsewhere the sources of the profound emotion that moves men of the most diverse artistic creeds to one common impulse of acclamation. We must take a prolonged view of a career that has been from the outset singularly stimulating and alluring. The retrospect cannot fail to kindle the most indolent imagination. It is intimately in-

volved in the historic record of the Romantic movement, in the growth of the Wagnerian cult from its inception to the Bayreuth apotheosis; it establishes a magnetic accord between us and the most illustrious names in the art of the century; between the present, with its music of the future, and the past, with the music of BEETHOVEN. Among all these piquant memories none are more suggestive than BEETHOVEN's salutation of LISZT on his first public appearance in 1811, at which time the youthful virtuoso was a pupil of SALIERI. In this memorable incident the conjunction of names is almost startling. It is one of those picturesque circumstances, frequent in the life of LISZT, that go so far to realize the ideal artistic existence. The more salient qualities that are accurately comprehended in the term "artist" are typified in LISZT. In the brilliant society of Paris, during the greatest art epoch of the century, as in Weimar and in Rome, he exercised the eminently artistic faculty that creates an environment without being dominated by it. Composers there are, as SCHUBERT, the thought of whom apart from their work is unendurable. In such cases the limitations of influence are readily defined. The musician, whether composer or interpreter, appeals only to the musical; the painter is similarly circumscribed, though with less exactitude, owing to the enlightening aid of criticism. In LISZT, however, we have a striking instance of the individual influence transcending the sphere of the artist, and by the magic of an intense personality attracting those who are unconscious of music in their souls.

When, however, the reception of LISZT to-day recalls, by the force of contrast, the very different fortune meted out to other distinguished composers—to BERLIOZ and WAGNER, to VERDI and BOITO—it is natural to remember that LISZT himself in the now distant past had no reason to rejoice in the discernment of the English musical public. But, tender as the susceptibilities of genius are supposed to be, the cheerful and human genius of LISZT is incapable of the petulance that nurses a grievance to its own hurt. There are, moreover, in his nature, as in his work, none of the elements of discord that transform the world of art into a field for factious dispute. Whatever difference of opinion exists as to his position among composers, there is absolutely none as to his pre-eminence in virtuosity. There is none to dispute his claim to be the greatest of pianists in an age of great pianists. The verdict has been pronounced by pianists themselves—*una voce una mente*. Of the secret of his power, the poetry of his playing, there is nothing more incontestable to be said than that they are incommunicable by language. LISZT's playing has indeed inspired the eloquence of some admirable writers, as also it has animated the amazing tropes of the contemporary Mr. RICHARD SWIVELLER. The sum-total of literary exposition is not much more successful than Mr. WHISTLER's efforts to fix a symphony. Such endeavours may aid the irredeemably dull, and that is all; they will have little meaning for those fortunate students of the Royal Academy who were present at the very interesting ceremony when the LISZT scholarship was founded. It is gratifying to know that the dismal rumours that heralded the visit of the pianist were baseless. The fingers may be old, but they have lost none of their cunning; nor has the personal charm diminished that has held so many in thrall. Though there can be no novelty for LISZT in being idolized and caressed, it is pleasant to think he will not leave our shores—no longer perfidious—without some agreeable recollections. To the cynic the adoration may occasionally appear profuse and the incense oppressive. Yet, after all, genius has experienced less bearable penalties than to be pelted with flowers and adored by the fair.

#### THE GOOD ENGLISH BACKSWORD.

L. BACKSWORD & "TUCKER."

"I AM much in love with fencing," says young Squire Mockmode, in Farquhar's *Love and a Bottle*, "but I think backsword is the best play." This is a sentiment which most thoroughgoing Englishmen probably endorsed at heart, even in days when fashion required every man with any pretence to "quality" to wear the smallsword, and to learn its correct use from some Frenchified master, such as Farquhar's Nimblewrist.

Fencing, in its restricted sense of purely thrusting play, always was, and is still, an exotic art in England, and the fact that the most athletic nation never produced a fencer of European note—

if we except the Admirable Crichton, but that was a very long time ago—sufficiently shows that it never was really popular among us. Indeed, unless something considerably better than the brutal and haphazard scrimmage which nowadays passes for fencing at most assaults-at-arms is displayed to the public, there is every likelihood of the noble art of fence falling into still greater discredit as a pursuit of sport. But our truly national swordsmanship, that of the sturdy broadsword, now represented by the single-stick, can hardly be said to be in much better condition, although the qualities it requires of its devotees, strength of hand, hardihood and determination, are more congenial to English idiosyncrasies than the nimbleness, elegance, and highly-cultivated cunning of the foreign play. In these times, any one who can cheerfully give and take slashing hits, and stand for some time the exhaustion of a hot bout, passes for a good sword-player; but as a matter of fact, the truly first-rate broad swordsmen now living might perhaps be counted on the fingers. More is the pity; for the prowesses of Englishmen with the backsword were long an object of national pride, and an art whose history can be uninterruptedly traced up to the middle ages should not be allowed to deteriorate. The complete decay of swordsmanship as a national pastime is extraordinary considering that the gladiator spirit which fostered it in former times is anything but dead. The many surreptitious attempts to carry on prizefighting show that its subsistence is only due to the stringent legislation of this age. It is to be noticed that, as in the case of the boxing of latter days, the ancient teachers of the science of defence, or, at any rate, all the more prominent masters, always have been *gladiators*, who reckoned on their personal prowesses as *bravos* and *swashbucklers* and on public trials of skill as means of making money directly, and of indirectly attracting pupils.

One hears of peripatetic masters in sword-and-buckler fight who combined the pursuits of sword-dancers in play and gladiators in earnest at merry makings and rustic gatherings as early as the ninth century. These were living instances of the advantages of division of labour among a people whose immediate ancestors in the old Teutonic Fatherland never thought a feast complete without some amicable bloodshed and the excitement of a fight, mimic or real. These customs long remained vivacious in many parts of England. The last traces of them are found in the sword-dance of the North-country, and the so-called "backswording" which was a feature less than half a century ago of such country meetings as the "Scouring of the White Horse," Hungerford Fair, and others. The habits of fencing-masters and their acolytes in the middle ages, their rioting and bullying, the various and unsuccessful efforts of the powers that were to suppress the odious "Schools of Swordmen," as a curious edict of Edward I. calls them, "wherein profligates learn the art of fencing, who are thereby emboldened to commit unheard-of villainies," would furnish materials for an interesting chapter in the history of social life. But it is especially from the time of the Renaissance, when masters of fence, suddenly springing into favour, were chartered as a royally favoured corporation, down to early Georgian days, when pugilism decidedly replaced swordsmanship as a gladiatorial art, that the life of the man "tall of his hands, the good sword-and-buckler man," is a curious study. Henry VIII., who was a devoted *ferrailleur*, instead of persecuting, like his predecessors, those irrepressible swordsmen, and considering that they could be turned to useful account, induced the most redoubtable masters to form themselves into a Company, with powers to increase their numbers with suitable and duly tried men, in imitation of the world-famed German Marx Brüder. These were granted the lucrative monopoly of teaching the art of fighting in England. The numerous privileges that the King by-and-by conferred on this "Corporation of Maisters of Defence" very soon enabled it to put down, or absorb, all the more ferocious of independent swashbucklers, thereby imparting to the profession a moderate degree of respectability under the coat granted by royal heralds—*gules, a sword pendant, argent*.

For the curious details concerning this once powerful Association we are mainly indebted to a small black-letter book, first independently printed in 1615 by Sir George Buck, but most generally found as an appendix to Howe's continuation of Stow's Annals (1632). This short work, under the title *A Discourse or Treatise of the Third Universitie in England*, describes minutely the various Inns of Court and of Chancery, the schools and colleges of London and Westminster. Among the adjuncts to the University the author enumerates under such heads as *Hippice, Polemice, Orchestice*, &c., the riding-schools, drilling-grounds, and dancing academies frequented by the students, whilst under that of *Art Gladiatorie* gives us an actual and historical account of the Company of Fencing-Masters. "Of this *Art Gladiatorie*," he remarks, "there bee diverse schooles in London, kept by the Maisters of Defence, and they bee the same which the Romans called *Laniste*, for the *Lanista juniores gladiatores instituebant* . . . they are verie skillfull in teaching the best and most offensive and defensive use of very manie weapons and the long-sword, the backe-sworde," &c. The number of weapons which it was sportsmanlike to have a practical acquaintance with was very great, and included not only every kind of sword, short and long, broad and light, but also the battle-axe and mace, the brown-bill, pique, and flail, and all kindred implements. No doubt in early days, when the corporation was intended to develop into a semi-military institution, the exercising of such unwieldy weapons had much practical use; but later on, in Elizabethan and Jacobean times, the backsword, with or without the target, and the rapier,

either single or with the dagger, were the only ones seriously cultivated. The halbert and the mace, the battle-axe, *morgentern*, and the flail were then only considered as useful for gymnastic performances and for a display of muscular smartness, even as now many devotees of the fencing-room learn the regulation-sword and lance exercise on foot, or with the Indian clubs expand their chest and strengthen their wrists. The curious may find minute representation of such displays in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, 1613, and Gaiani's *Discorso del tornea a piedi*, 1619. From the earliest days of the corporation the ordeal required of candidates previous to admission as fully-privileged members seems to have been decidedly severe. Would-be masters or earnest amateur swordsmen had to offer themselves as humble scholars. After long and laborious practice they were admitted to a solemn public examination—"prizes" in the vernacular of the time—to show their proficiency in the art of piercing, cutting, and bruising an adversary. Only such as were found physically and technically fit were allowed to proceed to the degree of *Provost of Defence*, and became, so to speak, graduates or fellowcraft in the Society. In order to pass *Master*, the provost, after acquiring teaching experience, had to go through a second public trial by fighting one or more of the older masters at every one of the recognized weapons, and if his performance proved creditable he forthwith stepped into the title and privileges of a *Maister of Fence*. It may here be remarked that it is owing to a similar system being still in force in France and Italy that foreign teachers retain their incontestable superiority.

When fencers and their art thus became royally favoured, assaults-at-arms, or "playing for prizes," as it was then termed, became fashionable as well as popular entertainments. Noblemen and gentlemen turned to the fencing-school and its fatigues as a sort of substitute for the tilting-ground, the barrier and the joust, which were then rapidly going out of fashion. As mere amateurs, they often went through the entire curriculum, and "played their prizes" as sturdily as professionals. Royalty itself patronized such performances. Henry VIII. always showed himself particularly well disposed towards the regenerated swordmen, and during his short reign his boyish successor naturally saw fit to imitate the example of his royal father. Mary and her foreign consort, who for a time affected to be much taken with everything English, were likewise great patrons of the noble science. Of this we find proof in that precious Sloaneian MS., No. 2530, in the British Museum, which seems to be a register of all the great functions held under the auspices of the corporation between 1568 and 1583. As for Elizabeth, she looked on swordsmen's contests with all the favour she was wont to bestow on "that manly and English sport of baiting," and more than once gave substantial as well as flattering proof of her august approbation to a brave and good-looking performer.

As a gladiatorial display, the "prize" was no doubt less exciting than its direct descendant, the stage-fight of later days. But there is evidence to show that it must have been a brave show of strength and manly grace. Moreover, when we remember the excessive weight of the sixteenth-century sword, and the fact that the foils used were, according to the original meaning of the word, merely the usual weapons rebated as to point and edge, whilst, on the other hand, no other protection was used than a mail-glove and horsehair lining to doublet, trunk-hose, and cap, there is little doubt but that the courteous bout must have borne much resemblance to the earnest fight. But it seems that as years rolled by mere displays of skill ceased to satisfy the martial ardour of the masters of fence, and the playing for prizes was made a sort of back-door for returning to the old "gladiating" habits. The clause in the original constitution of the Company which made it criminal to send challenges in earnest to any master within the kingdom, *being an Englishman*, began to lapse in oblivion, and it became the fashion among the more "scornful" of that gentry to issue very catholic and uncompromising challenges to fight at all manners of weapons in some well-known public place. This habit seems to have been chiefly brought about by the influx of foreign teachers, Italian and Spanish mostly, who came to England, as to a rich but uncultivated field, to teach the brilliant and cunning art of thrust. For the "new fangle rapier" soon after Mary's reign rapidly became the only weapon considered fit for a gentleman's side.

It is to be presumed that in the face of the great demand for teachers of the "fine italianated fence" of the Modenese Di Grassi, or of the more solemn and magnificent antics of Carranza's school, the originally absolute monopoly of the Corporation was considerably encroached upon. Certain it is, in any case, that during the latter years of Elizabeth we find several flourishing foreign schools in London and elsewhere, luxuriously appointed, and more like aristocratic clubs than the somewhat shady dens of the unsophisticated native swordsmen. All these foreigners, and the outlandish mode of fight they popularized, excited violent hatred and contempt among old-fashioned Maisters of Defence. Deadly encounters, in taverns, in the narrow winding streets, in the dark passages of London Bridge, or in the open at Smithfield, gave ample opportunity of proving whether the good English "swashing blow" or the uncompromising "imbroccata" of the foreigner was the more practical. Both schools maintained that the other was imperfect in theory and weak in practice. Your swashbuckler loved a good round fight that might last some time, thought it unmanly to use the point or to hit below the waist, and ridiculed the "bird-spit" and the "frog-pricking poniard." Your "espadachin," on the other hand, considered that men fought to get rid



of their adversaries, looked upon the restricted and prelusive fight of Englishmen as child's play, and thought the nimble and deadly thrust much more refined than the clangour of sword and buckler. It would be interesting to know what really was the average result of such trials. The Earl of Essex, to whom both Italian and English masters dedicated their works, might have decided the question; but now it is as impossible to arrive at any conclusion as to decide on the merits of two rival schools after perusing the lucubrations of two authors, say Italian and French, in the present day. Be this as it may, the rapier, especially after Elizabeth's arbitrary edict, on sumptuary consideration, had curtailed its length to reasonable extent, was too elegant a weapon to be abandoned by gentlemen; young men would learn its use, and undoubtedly foreigners, then as now, taught it more scientifically than natives. Sensible of the waning of their popularity, the English masters made it a practice to issue challenges, at first for the sake of the pomp and circumstance thereof, but later on for more directly lucrative purposes. And there we find the first instances of genuine prizefights.

There are good examples of this kind of challenge, as well as a typical picture of the contempt and bitter hatred of the professional teacher for a rival and a foreigner, in a delightfully quaint book of fence—the first written by an Englishman—entitled “Paradoxe of Defence, wherein is proved the true ground of fight to be in the ancient short sword . . . and the weakness and imperfection of the rapier fight displayed. Together with an admonition to the noble, victorious, valiant, and most brave nation of Englishmen to beware of false teachers . . . etc., by G. Silver. (1599).” This curious opuscle was intended as a corrective to the works and teaching of such men as Vincent Saviolo—the same who boasted of making his pupils pink their men on any given button of their doublets, thus originating the cant saying, “a very butcher of a silk button”—as Giacomo di Grassi, whose work was “Englished by J. G., gentleman,” and other flourishing Italian or Spanish “Captains of Complements.”

#### THE MURDER OUT.

THE Radical party, like other parties, has had its vicissitudes; but we do not know that it would be fair to include among those vicissitudes much change in its more or less constant lack of humour. Still it is open to any one who likes to contend that, though the lack of humour may have been constant in kind, it has never stood higher in degree than at present. Volumes might be written on the single utterance of the excellent Mr. Macfarlane, who, on Monday night last, produced as evidence that a certain piece of land in Skye was over-rented the assertion of an Irish friend that an Irish Land Commissioner would not rate it at seven and sixpence. In the palmiest days of the wild Macfarlane's plaided clan, there never can have been a member of it who could beat this Mr. Macfarlane in sacred simplicity. We shall probably have him (perhaps with some memory of the exploits of the said plaided clan) maintain that the razing of the Eighth Commandment by the pirate of famous memory is strong evidence against the authenticity of that part of the Decalogue. But it is not of Mr. Macfarlane, M.P. that we list to speak, but of the mirifical and delightful outpourings of Radical wrath on the head of the luckless Mr. Caine, in reference to his candidature at Barrow. The New Stupid Party has perhaps never distinguished itself so happily as here, unless indeed some over-subtle person chooses to maintain that the pothor was all a cunning dodge intended to make disgusted Conservatives vote for the Liberal candidate out of sheer indignation at the manner in which he was treated by his own side.

To argue thus, however, would no doubt be to be too clever—a crime for which it is generally understood, by those who are in no danger of committing it, that there is and can be no forgiveness. In bullying or attempting to bully Mr. Caine, the New Stupid Party is only displaying its qualities with their defects. And it must be acknowledged that the display is exceedingly varied, copious, and diverting. In the first place, it must be remembered what Mr. Caine's crime was. He had refused to pledge himself to Mr. Gladstone's sealed orders, and he had further refused to pledge himself to them, sealed or unsealed, if they included the freeing of Ireland from central Parliamentary control. That is to say, he had refused, in the first place, to do what no man could be expected to do in any case; and, in the second, to be guilty of what nineteen out of twenty Liberals, including Mr. Gladstone himself, would, not a score of weeks ago, have denounced as dangerous insanity. Therefore the columns of that very remarkable paper the new *Daily News* (which in the course of a few weeks has gone near to urge the Greeks to fight all Europe, has discovered that Mr. Labouchere is a serious statesman, has converted itself to Home Rule, and has discovered that Mr. Caine's return in the teeth of Gladstonism is a triumph for Mr. Gladstone) are opened against him. First comes, in such large type that he really must be—(but this is telling)—“A Liberal M.P.,” who announces that Mr. Caine “has deliberately severed himself from the Liberal party.” And the argument to establish this grave charge is that Mr. Caine is determined to vote against measures which are a matter of life and death to Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues. Observe; not a word is said as to the measures being wise or unwise, useful or damaging, loyal or traitorous; not a word even as to the Liberal party, as a party, having ever approved those measures, fought an election on them,

or in any way given them its support. Mr. Gladstone is supposed to be going to propose something; instantly that something becomes *de jure* to Liberals. Thus this wondrous “Liberal M.P.” Him follows a milder elector of Barrow, who takes much the same line, but speaks small like a woman. They have, he plaintively urges, at Barrow no Gladstonian candidate, but only an anti-Gladstonian Radical and an anti-Gladstonian Conservative, and without a Gladstonian candidate the elector of Barrow is, it seems, as helpless as the Honourable Percy Popjoy when the cruel greengrocer bereft him of his hat. “Where's the Gladstonian candidate?” he ejaculates helplessly; but there is no voice, neither any that answers. As for the principles of Mr. Caine or Mr. Bruce, the elector of Barrow hasn't got any principles. He wants a Gladstonian candidate, and that is all.

Perhaps this humble elector inspired the “Liberal M.P.” to strike a bolder strain, in which case the “Gladstonian M.P.” who was indulged with big-leaded type on Monday, and the “Liberal M.P.” who was indulged with big-leaded type on Saturday, would stand to each other much in the relation of the gentleman in green and the gentleman in orange-tawny of a certain Baconian apophthegm. At any rate, Monday's correspondent took the bull by the horns. He signed himself for the first time in history, unless we are mistaken, “A Gladstonian M.P.,” and his letter was like thereunto. He announced that he and other Liberals “contemplate supporting Mr. Gladstone” (when, on their own showing, they don't know what Mr. Gladstone is going to do), and his criterion of the merits of a measure is that it is “vital to the existence of the Government.” After this the discussion, though by no means becoming uninteresting, lost some of its freshness, and people chiefly repeated themselves. Poor Mr. Caine, in deadly dilemma between his soul and his seat, declared his extreme desire to follow Mr. Gladstone, if only he could do so. Electors of Barrow and non-electors of Barrow, and Dick, and Tom, and Harry, and the Reverend Guinness Rogers, all rushed into the fray, the climax of which may be said to have been reached in the shillelagh flourishes of a certain “M. Condon,” whose nationality it does not require a great expert in names to discover.

But these details are details only. The fun of the thing is to be found in the Plunge, the Dash, as the late Mr. Dickens would have put it, with which a certain class of Liberals have at last avowed that their Liberalism is Gladstonianism. Only that, and nothing more. Far be it from us to emulate the weak-minded conduct of those persons who have been filling newspaper corners with claims and counter-claims for the authorship of “three acres and a cow.” The great ones of this earth are quite content to label their own compositions “Old Play.” It is only the small ones who cry, “That's my thunder!” Therefore let it be said simply that certain persons, at sundry times and in divers manners, have for some years past been striving to bring it home to the public mind that a great deal of modern Liberalism is mere Gladstonianism, only that and nothing more; that it has considerably less to do with the Liberalism of the past than the celebrated knife or the equally celebrated pair of silk stockings had to do with their respective predecessors; that the whole duty of a modern Liberal of this stamp is to follow Mr. Gladstone through bad and good, through bush and briar; and that if any one retains the slightest respect for private judgment, or principle, or political independence, this kind of Liberalism, this Gladstonianism, is not a creed that he can by any possibility adopt or retain. And when the certain persons, at the sundry times and in the divers manners, did thus speak there rose up against them many voices which cried in return that it was an invention of the wicked, that there was no such thing as Gladstonianism divorced from principle, and that if Liberals followed Mr. Gladstone it was only because, and only so long as, they were convinced that, as the late eloquent but not strictly historical poet Clarence Mangan remarked of Ireland:—

’Twas his, the duty  
To teach the world the Might of Moral Beauty.

Now all is changed. The Gladstonian M.P.'s, the electors who whine about not having a Gladstonian candidate, do not take the faintest trouble to show that Mr. Gladstone is teaching the world the Might of Moral Beauty even in the rather singular fashion that Ireland has taught in the well-known leading cases of the Cavendishes and the Curtins. They put the moral beauty in their pockets. Mr. Gladstone may be going to repeal the Union or he may not; all's one for that. The point of importance is that Mr. Caine will not pledge himself to do exactly what Mr. Gladstone tells him. Now a man who will not pledge himself to do what Mr. Gladstone tells him is (and so far their logic is impeccable) not a Gladstonian. Therefore he has severed himself from the Liberal party, which party has but one article of faith, that Mr. Gladstone is Mr. Gladstone, and whatsoever he says is truth.

Now this is, we say, a very interesting and, to some extent, of course a very gratifying confirmation of what certain persons have been saying, and have been poohpoohed and rebuked for saying, about Mr. Gladstone and the Gladstonians for a good many years. But this is a very limited view to take of it. We rather pride ourselves (though pride, we own, does not become the erring human) on our knowledge of historical politics. But we really cannot think of any declaration of political belief or misbelief quite so *naïf* as this. Ecclesiastical infallibility all men know. The many people who have read their Plato, and the one or two who have read their Schoolmen, know the grave philosophico-theo-

logical discussion whether a thing is right because the Divinity wills it, or whether the Divinity wills it because it is right. The interesting partisans of another Old Man—the Old Man of the Mountain—are said to have anticipated Gladstonianism in its fullest sense. But for a modern constitutional party, a proper moral party, look you—a party that knows no force but argument and acknowledges no right but justice—to define its political creed not as that which Mr. Gladstone has said, not as that which Mr. Gladstone is saying, but as that which Mr. Gladstone may, shall, or can say:—this truly beats and breaks the political record altogether.

Therefore, irrespective of the result of the Barrow election, it ought to and will remain memorable in history as the occasion of the first open waving of the flag of Gladstonianism pure and simple, as the first acceptance by Gladstonians of the description they have previously resented and disclaimed, as the first assertion of pure Know-nothingism in English politics. The murder is out at last.

#### THE NEW YORK THEATRES.

IN default of any theatre in New York devoted, like the Lyceum in London, to what used to be called the legitimate drama, New York playgoers are forced to rely on wandering stars for a chance to see a poetic play. Mr. Edwin Booth and Mr. Lawrence Barrett, Mme. Modjeska and Miss Anderson, are the theatrical *colporteurs* who bear about with them the good literature of the drama, selling it to whosoever will buy. Miss Anderson with her company played an engagement at the Star Theatre early in the season, and she has been followed at that house by Mme. Modjeska and Mr. Lawrence Barrett, each with his own company, while Mr. Booth has acted at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, supported by the company of the Boston Museum. It is impossible that the performances given by these strolling troupes should be as good as those of a regular company established in a permanent home. The subordinate characters, the scenery, the stage-management, the appointments, the harmony of the whole, fall far below the level maintained formerly by Mr. Booth at his own theatre and now by Mr. Irving at the Lyceum. Considering all the circumstances, it is surprising that the performances are as good as they sometimes are. *As You Like It*, as played by Mme. Modjeska's company, was not unsatisfactory; the beauty of this most poetic of poetic comedies overbears all minor blemishes of execution. Mme. Modjeska's Rosalind is a striking and enjoyable personation. Its chief peculiarity—after its artistic finish and the harmony of its conception—is that it is exotic. It is not English—which is perhaps not exactly equivalent to saying that it is un-English—than which, as we all know, no adjective can be more damning. Mme. Modjeska's Rosalind has a strangely foreign flavour; it is as though she had walked out of one of Musset's most delightful sylvan fantasies. Mrs. Kemble has an anecdote of the Guardsman who met the assertion that Fechter's Othello was very foreign with the odd suggestion that, after all, you know, Othello was a foreigner. And so is Rosalind a foreigner in Mme. Modjeska's hands. Yet it is a beautiful performance and worthy of the high praise it has received; as one critic wrote, "The spell does not lie alone in its freshness, its daintiness, its tenderness, its archness, or in its physical loveliness, but in the happy combination of all those qualities, and in the perfect illusion created by the actress's numberless resources." The only novelty attempted during Mme. Modjeska's stay at the Star Theatre was Dr. Westland Marston's *Donna Diana*, in which she had opportunity for the most delicate and yet the most brilliant high comedy, varied, subtle, and tender. Mr. Booth, during his month at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, brought out nothing new, unless his return to Gibber's *Richard III.*, which he originally discarded nearly a score of years ago, can fairly be termed a novelty. Mr. Barrett is always on the watch for a good play, new or old, in which he can find a fit part for himself. Charles Lamb declares that John Kemble believed that all the good plays had been written, and this seems to be Mr. Booth's attitude; but Mr. Barrett is more enterprising. In former seasons he has been more fortunate in his choices than he has been this season in the selection, for revival, of Kenny's fifty-year-old adaptation of *Hernani*. The attempt of a man who was not a poet to make over Hugo's rushing and lyrical verse into blank verse of the Sheridan Knowles model is not felicitous. Macready played the Castilian outlaw when this perversion was first performed, but he soon abandoned the part; and it may be doubted whether Mr. Barrett will succeed with it any better than Macready. Two other of Hugo's plays keep the American stage in Mr. Booth's repertory, *The Fool's Revenge*, Tom Taylor's reduction of *Le Roi s'amuse*, in which Mr. Booth is most daringly grotesque and indisputably successful; and Falconer's version of *Ruy Blas*, in which both the character of Don César and his fourth act are omitted.

At the Standard Theatre some of the merriest performances of the season were given by the Rosina Vokes Comedy Company, which included Mr. Brandon Thomas, Mr. Weedon Grossmith, Mr. W. G. Elliot, and Miss Leslie Chester—a young lady who achieved an instant *succès de beauté*. Miss Rosina Vokes appeared in *My Milliner's Bill* and in an invertebrate but very amusing little sketch, *A Christmas Pantomime Rehearsal*. Miss Vokes was altogether admirable in both pieces; in *My Milliner's Bill* she was as true and as funny as any one could wish—and we say

this with a distinct remembrance of Mrs. John Wood's broad and brilliant performance of Mrs. Merridew—and in the unpretending and inconsequent scenes of the *Pantomime Rehearsal* she was the embodiment of humorous ease and grace. Miss Rosina Vokes is, in fact, that very rare bird, a woman with a strong sense of humour; she is a female comedian, with no trace or taint of the loudness or vulgarity often found in male comedians. It is a pure joy to hear her, as an amateur actress, say to the author and stage-manager of the piece in rehearsal, "I've had so little experience, you see; I've only played Juliet!" The whole performance of this truthful and humorous *Pantomime Rehearsal* was most comic and artistic from the intellectual seriousness which characterized it. Mr. Weedon Grossmith was most amusing as a little nobleman, of limited intelligence, high temper, and great good will; and Mr. Brandon Thomas's heavy swell was second to it only because the character was less fresh and exact to nature. Another importation from England was less successful than Miss Vokes's company, and it was less worthy of success. This was *Jack-in-the-Box*, an alleged play by Mr. G. R. Sims and Mr. Clement Scott; as one candid critic wrote, "This is offered as a play of some kind, but cannot be described by any general term; it is not comic, it is not tragic, it is not romantic, and it is not sentimental, although its direful silliness creates an effect somewhat akin to that of pathos, or at least of melancholy." Although *Jack-in-the-Box* was well mounted and well acted, it met the fate it deserved. At Wallack's Theatre there has been acted a new play, the title of which is taken from Scribe and the plot from M. Sardou. *Valérie* is a version of *Fernande*, the painful and yet powerful play the subject of which M. Sardou found in Diderot after it had been used in an anodyne drama by Ancelot in the pre-Romantic days. This plot has now been decanted again by Mr. David Belasco, who has chosen to transfer the scene and characters from Paris to London, probably that they might be more readily understood by the imported English actors of Mr. Wallack's company. Mr. Belasco, whose original American play, *May Blossom*, is simple, pathetic, and effective, has made *Valérie* turgid and ineffective. The art of dramatic decanting is a very difficult art, and whenever a professor shall be appointed to teach it in one of the Universities, he may use *Valérie* with *Peril* and *Diplomacy* as admirable specimens of how not to do it. The acting is worthy of the play. Mr. Kyrle Bellew gives his usual offensive imitation of Mr. Irving. Miss Sophie Eyre was quite inadequate to the part of the female avenger. Miss Annie Robe was very pretty as Valérie, and in the trying final scene she attained a fair measure of simplicity and pathos.

But the most interesting performances given in New York by any American company this season (as also last season) have been those to be seen at Mr. Daly's Theatre. Here there is a comedy company of accomplished actors, directed by an intelligent manager and used to playing together; and the habit of playing together is as necessary to a company of actors as it is to a football team or the crew of a four-oared shell. Mr. Daly relies for his plays chiefly on his own authorized adaptations from the German, but he nearly always manages to revive some old comedy for a few weeks towards the middle of the season. This year his choice fell upon the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, and he prepared a new acting edition of Shakespeare's comedy, in which the sequence of scenes was adroitly re-arranged to suit the exigencies of modern stage-setting. The scenery was picturesquely designed and harmoniously painted, and the costumes (from sketches by Mr. E. Hamilton Bell) were well contrasted in colour, and of a most effective richness and splendour. It has been declared that Falstaff died with Henderson, although George Frederick, who modelled his Falstaff on Henderson's, met with no small share of success; but in the past half-century the only actors (if we leave Mark Lemon out of the account) who have appeared to advantage in Falstaff have been Phelps in England and Hackett in America. At Daly's Theatre Mr. Charles Fisher made a most valiant effort as Falstaff, and met with an honourable success. Mrs. Gilbert, who is quite the best "old woman" on the American stage, played Mrs. Quickly with that perfection of finish and point we always expect from her. Miss Rehan, Miss Dreher, and Miss Kingdom as Mrs. Ford, Mrs. Page, and Anne Page, were a trio of beauty. Mr. Otis Skinner as Page looked like an Elizabethan picture stepped down from its frame; Mr. E. Hamilton Bell was loverlike and ardent as Master Fenton; and Mr. William Bond had a most contagious laugh as Mine Host of the Garter. But there was a drying up of the broadly flavoured fun of the Shakspearian farce—for the *Merry Wives of Windsor* is, in essence, a farce. In this last quarter of the nineteenth century we seem to have lost the secret of the robust and unctuous humour of the Elizabethan drama; it is the *vernis-Martin* of histrionic art; we can admire it, and we can mistake it from afar; but its absolute reproduction is impossible. The real value of this, as of many of Mr. Daly's other experiments in old comedy, is not in the performance of the old play itself; it is in the experience it gives his company, in the broadening and ripening of their art, in the loosening of the shackles of everyday realism which bind most of the contemporary actors of contemporary comedy. These revivals of old comedy are in a way as useful to Mr. Daly's admirable company of comedians as the necessity of appearing in the *répertoire* is to the actors of the Comédie Française; they are, in fact, rather a means than an end. After a few performances of the *Recruiting Officer* and of *She Would and She Would Not*, the *Merry Wives of Windsor* has been followed by *Nancy and Co.*, a happily-named adaptation of a German farce of Herr



von Rosen's. Mr. Daly is a past-master of the art of dramatic decanting; and, except for a brief reference to a duel, there is no trace in *Nancy and Co.* of a Teutonic original. Mr. Daly writes the brightest of dialogue, always pertinent and never impertinent, easy, natural, and clever. The motive of the play is slight enough, and might fairly be called forced; but the adaptation is so brisk, the stage-management so adroit, and the acting so brilliant, that the fun is not allowed to flag for an instant, and the spectator accepts the result without cavil. Miss Ada Rehan, who is gaining steadily in depth and sincerity, makes a most fascinating and irresistible Nancy, whose strange whim is the pivot of the plot; her part is difficult and dangerous, but she plays it with delicacy and certainty; and she saves the extravagance of the character by touches of what may be termed serious burlesque, which are, in fact, touches of high art.

#### SOME "IRREGULAR ACTION."

MR. GLADSTONE on Thursday described the methods of the Nationalists and Anti-renters in Ireland as "irregular action." A curious history of some of this action may be found in *A Short Chapter of Contemporary History in Ireland*, which "a Catholic Landlord" has printed in pamphlet form. It contains a correspondence of his own with the authorities of his Church which possesses, especially at this moment when Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule scheme has just been formally announced, a wider interest, and thus fully justifies him in bringing before the British public what might at first sight appear to be a merely personal affair. With the general merits, or rather demerits, of Home Rule we have had and shall have opportunities of speaking elsewhere. It is with reference to one particular aspect of the scheme only, which is however not an unimportant one, that we call attention to this correspondence here. It is hardly necessary to remark that Home Rule in any shape must necessarily and enormously increase the political power of the Irish hierarchy and priesthood. This correspondence throws a lurid, though hardly unexpected, light on the kind of use they would be sure to make of that power. But before offering any comments of our own, we will put before our readers the salient points of this curious and instructive pamphlet. The author, it may be premised, is Mr. Eyre, a gentleman of a well-known Roman Catholic family, who has one brother a Jesuit, while another was some years ago named by the present Pope Archbishop of Glasgow, and he is the owner of Upper-Court, Freshfield, in the county of Kilkenny. It is worth noting, for reasons that will be seen by-and-by, that he must be in the eyes of the prelates and priests concerned a person of irreproachable Catholic orthodoxy. The pamphlet opens by quoting from the *Kilkenny Journal* of Sept. 3, 1884, the report of "a large and enthusiastic meeting held at Crosspatrick in the diocese of Emly," which is under the jurisdiction of Archbishop Croke, but close to the borders of the adjoining diocese of Ossory, which at the moment was vacant. The meeting was presided over by the Very Rev. Canon Moore, P.P., Johnstown, and was attended by a great many priests, some of them from the immediate neighbourhood of Mr. Eyre's estate, of whom several, as well as Mr. Marum, M.P., were among the speakers. Our present business however is with the oration of the Rev. Michael Duggan, C.C., of Gurtahoe, who was received with loud cheers on rising "to say a few words on land-grabbing and grass-grabbing." We quote the opening portion of his reverence's edifying harangue; italicizing a few words here and there which have a peculiar significance:—

Evictions and processes of eviction were now the order of the day. Thanks to the *Land League*, land-grabbing had been put down to a great extent. Public opinion and the spirit of the people are entirely opposed to it; at least, the right-minded and the honest men of Ireland. What was the practice in early days? If one neighbour was breaking down, another neighbour was sure to keep a close eye on him, and he would have a whisper with the bailiff and the agent. It often happened that both the agent and the bailiff were bribed, and a rack-rent was promised to the landlord to evict the tenant and give the farm to his grabbing neighbour. The bailiff, therefore, was the man they had to dread most. It was a common practice long ago to give them presents. He would not recommend any honest upright man to be a bailiff or a local agent, because the spirit of the times was now such that any honest upright man would not look apathetically and see his neighbours and his fellow-countrymen down-trodden and walked upon. He could not of course recommend them to *Boycott* them, because the *Crimes Act* was in being now; but he would tell them what they could do. They were not bound to walk with them, or to marry them; but he would tell them that they were bound in charity—to *bury* them.

The last italics, be it noted, are *not* our own. The reverend orator was himself anxious to emphasize his intimation that the primary duty of "honest upright" Irishmen towards a bailiff is "to bury him"—whether alive, or after he has first "had lead," to cite the happy phrase of one of our English Socialists, is not explained. The Rev. Michael Duggan, C.C., went on to speak of "a place from which tenants had been evicted," which formerly belonged to a clergyman of the Established Church, but had since been turned into common land with "the greatest benefit to the country." And he then remarked that "the landlord of that farm was a reverend gentleman, the Rev. Mr. Denny; but he must tell them that he (Rev. Mr. Duggan) had doubts whether, when hands were laid on him, the Holy Ghost took possession of him. He was the sufferer now." On which novel and ingenious argument against the validity of Anglican ordination, Mr. Eyre justly observes that

"were there any force in it, which fortunately there is not, it might be doubted whether, considering that 'by their fruits ye shall know them,' and that the fruits of the Holy Ghost are 'charity, peace, patience, benignity, goodness, longanimity, mildness,' &c., the Rev. gentleman himself had been more fortunate."

Ten days after the meeting, on September 13, 1884, Mr. Eyre wrote from Rannymede to the Vicar Capitular of the diocese of Ossory (the See being vacant) calling his attention to Mr. Duggan's speech in which bailiffs, as such—of whom there were some among his own tenants—are publicly "held up to the execration of their neighbours," and inclosing a report. He says in this letter:—

Anything so shocking to all Christian feeling can hardly really have occurred at a meeting presided over by a Parish Priest and Canon of a Cathedral, and in the presence of at least thirteen clergymen; but I have waited anxiously for a contradiction or a protest from those present against the imputation conveyed in the report, but none has yet appeared. To be thought capable of such violation of charity is an insult to the character of any Catholic clergyman; that such a calamity should actually have happened is a blow to the Irish Church, the possibility of which one does not like to admit.

To this appeal no reply was vouchsafed, and accordingly on September 23 Mr. Eyre addressed himself to Cardinal MacCabe, then Archbishop of Dublin, pointing out that he felt the more deeply on this subject on religious grounds because some years before a bailiff on an estate of his had refused on his deathbed to accept the ministrations of a priest who had denounced him, and such language as Mr. Duggan's was likely to produce the same result. Cardinal MacCabe, as might be expected, promptly replied, explaining that he had no jurisdiction in the matter, but would forward to Propaganda, with his own comments, any documents Mr. Eyre might like to entrust to him, and adding that "it is very humiliating to find priests so unmindful of their sacred obligations as to use the language attributed to the one you refer to." A formal appeal, enclosing copies of the previous correspondence and cuttings from the newspapers, was accordingly forwarded through Cardinal MacCabe to Cardinal Simeoni, Prefect of Propaganda, of which however for a twelvemonth no notice was taken. That is perhaps the less wonderful as the dilatoriness and red-tapism incidental to all Government offices is nowhere so inveterately established as in the Roman Curia. Meanwhile Mr. Eyre wrote also to the Under-Secretary at Dublin Castle, from whom he received a reply to the effect that the language of Mr. Duggan had already engaged the attention of the Government, who however "did not think it advisable to institute a prosecution under the Prevention of Crimes Act, although such a prosecution could probably be sustained"; but "his Excellency fully concurred with Mr. Eyre in deprecating the use of such language," and hoped good would result from the appeal to Mr. Duggan's religious superiors. At last, in October 1885, after a year's delay, a second appeal was forwarded by registered letter to the Cardinal Prefect of Propaganda. After referring to the former communication, over a twelvemonth before, of which no notice had been taken, the document proceeds—we italicize a few words:—

The said Petitioner, Thomas Eyre, begs now most humbly and with all reverence to press for the delivery of judgment at an early date, in order that the Ministers of a non-Catholic Government may have it brought home to them that the Bishops of the Catholic Church have alike the power and the will to punish, as they deserve, those who so misconduct themselves.

Two motives especially prompt to this course, namely:—1st. The consideration shown by the civil authority, in its hesitation to withdraw the case of a priest from the cognizance of his ecclesiastical superiors, and cite him before the civil tribunals.

2nd. The importance of convincing the landlords of Ireland, who are being earnestly exhorted to commit the education of the children of their Catholic tenants to the exclusive control of the ecclesiastical authorities, that no dereliction of duty, no violation of law, no grave offence against Christian charity can occur, without there being available a remedy at once sure, adequate, and immediate.

This second petition appears to have so far stirred the Roman authorities that they referred the matter to Archbishop Croke, in whose diocese the meeting had been held. Thereupon the Archbishop wrote to Mr. Eyre from "The Palace, Thurles," with as little show of respect for the Queen's English as he manifests for the Queen's Government:—"I have just learned that you have complained (*sic*) a priest of mine to the authorities in Propaganda. Will you kindly let me know what the priest, Rev. Michael Duggan, has done to displease you?" Considering that all the documents, and therefore all the details of the case, were already before him, there is a frank impudence about this inquiry which is at least amusing. After saying that "the natural course" would have been to appeal to him in the first instance, the Archbishop adds with a curt and studied discourtesy, "I have seen Father Duggan, and spoken to him in reference to this case, and he assures me that, until I mentioned your name to him, he had never heard or dreamt of your existence. I must say the same for myself." In reply to this letter Mr. Eyre courteously explained the circumstances and his own course of action over again, and expressed his surprise that the Archbishop should have now heard of the matter for the first time. Dr. Croke's answer is too characteristic and suggestive not to be reproduced here; it is dated "The Palace, Thurles, Jan. 1, 86." The italics are our own:—

I have just got your communication, dated 30 Dec., and really cannot gather from it what precisely you complain of on the part of Rev. M. Duggan, unless, indeed, it be that in common, as you say, with other speakers at the Crosspatrick Meeting, he is alleged to have made some unpleasant remarks about Bailiffs and Emergency men.

Unfortunately, as you know, Bailiffs have never been popular personages in

Ireland, and I never heard any one complaining of a speaker at a public meeting because he had denounced them, seeing that it is done every day, both in the press and on the platform.

Father Duggan made no special reference to your Bailiffs, for he knew nothing of them; nor did he mention your name, for he did not know of your existence; and I do not, therefore, see what special "locus standi" you have in this matter.

Mr. Eyre's rejoinder to Dr. Croke of Jan. 3, saying he shall now await the decision of Propaganda, closes the correspondence; it contains the following, which will be our last extract:—

In arriving at it, however, I cannot bring myself to believe that they will allow much weight to either of the excuses put forward by you—that the class denounced "have never been popular personages" (the clergy are not very popular just now in France), and that the same "is done every day, both in the press and on the platform." If these arguments are valid, I admit that there is little, if any, excess possible that would not be covered; but I have hitherto heard these facts alleged as reasons rather for deprecating the presence of clergymen on the platform, than as justification for the violent and un-Christian character of the language into which, by the excitement of the occasion, they might be there betrayed.

This correspondence might almost be left to speak for itself; its moral is so plain that he who runs may read. However, one or two points may be signalized here. It will be noticed then that "the unpleasant remarks about bailiffs"—who, as he jauntily adds, "have never been popular personages in Ireland"—considered by Archbishop Croke too much a matter of course to call for any reprimand to his clergy for indulging in them, amount to nothing short of a direct incitement to murder. Mr. Duggan not only said that no "honest upright man" would tolerate the presence of bailiffs, and that his only reason for not recommending his hearers to Boycott them was because the Crimes Act was then in force; he added that "they were bound in charity—to bury them." Short of saying *totidem verbis*, "I recommend you to shoot the bailiffs"—and of course *a fortiori* the landlords who employ them—it would be impossible to put the incitement to murder into plainer words. It is not wonderful that the Lord-Lieutenant thought a prosecution under the Crimes Act "could probably be sustained," though it is not equally obvious why he did not think it advisable to institute one. And both Mr. Duggan and Dr. Croke must have been perfectly aware how abundantly willing the faithful of their flock have shown themselves to carry out such murderous exhortations to the letter. They knew also that—with a few honourable exceptions, such as the late excellent Cardinal MacCabe—not a syllable of repudiation or condemnation of these outrages had been heard from priestly or prelatic lips in Ireland. Even in replying the other day to Mr. Gladstone's formal request for information on the proper remedies for existing Irish troubles, when he may be presumed to have spoken, for his own sake, with exceptional moderation and reserve, Archbishop Walsh thought fit to pass by the restoration of "social order" as a subordinate detail that might be left to take care of itself. And a further comment is inevitably suggested by this curious little episode of Irish "contemporary history." We should be sorry to say a word to fan the flames of religious fanaticism, always too easily kindled, and we have certainly no sympathy with the vulgar "no Popery" cry, which has more than once been productive of serious mischief and injustice in this country. But it is impossible to forget that Irish "Popery"—which unfortunately for the cause of law and order is very anti-papal at present—represents quite a distinct variety of its own, combining a noble disregard for the entire religious side of Catholicism with a hatred of all Protestants who are not by some happy accident Nationalists also, and above all of English Protestants. Mr. Eyre indeed is not an English Protestant, but an English Roman Catholic. Still he is an Englishman, a landlord, and a loyalist—*volla tout!* Mr. Duggan, C.C., and Archbishop Croke "had never heard or dreamt of his existence," and hint that they would not be sorry to see the existence of his bailiffs—"never popular personages in Ireland"—brought to a sudden end; it would be "charity to bury them." Now, if these things are done in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry? If this is the treatment accorded to orthodox Catholics, closely related to Archbishops and Jesuits, what treatment may be reasonably expected by the heretic Saxon, who adds to the original sin of being an Englishman and a landlord the further condemnation of being a Protestant? How would such persons be regarded by the hierarchy and priesthood, of which Dr. Croke and the Rev. Michael Duggan are average specimens, whose power—as we observed before—could not fail to be immensely increased by any system of Home Rule which would for a moment satisfy the Parnellites? We do not mean exactly to say that the fires of Smithfield would be rekindled on College Green; that would probably exceed even the audacity of an Irish "Statutory Parliament," and would certainly overtask the endurance of even a Radical English Government, or at least of the nation at its back. But we do mean that, short of fire and faggot, every available method of worrying and even deadly persecution would be resorted to. In England, and under the full blaze of an adverse public opinion, Bishop Bagshawe the other day, in his Primrose Pastoral, peremptorily laid down that "Protestants of the sect of the Church of England" are not fit people to associate with. What would he have said in a Home-Ruled Ireland, with public opinion—if such it could be called—all on his own side? And it is worth remembering in this connexion that "the ecclesiastical authorities," to whom, as Mr. Eyre reasonably reminds Propaganda, "the landlords of Ireland are being earnestly exhorted to commit the education of the children of their Catholic tenants," have themselves formally handed over the care of Irish Catholic education to the Parnellites—to whom indeed Bishop Bagshawe, who has just had so

sound a snubbing from the Pope, earnestly exhorted his coreligionists in England last summer to hand over the charge of Catholic education here. And the Parnellite scheme of faith and morals, we need hardly repeat, excludes the second half of the Decalogue; the appropriation of property "from which tenants have been evicted" is not theft, and there is no commandment against the "removal" of landlords or "bailiffs and emergency men." It is surely a question, putting aside for the moment all larger considerations of imperial and national interests, whether we should do wisely to hand over Ireland to the control of a Government whose spiritual pastors and masters are and will be such men as Mr. Duggan, Dr. Walsh, and Dr. Croke. The author of *How to be Happy though Married* wrote to the papers the other day to contradict a rumour that he was engaged on a new work, *How to be Jolly though Buried*; the question he said "was too deep for him." That we can easily understand; but, if Home Rule in any shape is conceded to Ireland, it will speedily become for a considerable class of her Majesty's most loyal subjects a question of painfully practical interest.

#### GOOD THINGS IN STORE.

HOPE springs eternal in no breast more eternally than that of the Turfite. Just now, at the very outset and commencement of the racing season, Hope, to use an Americanism, "is about springing her liveliest." The Turf magnate, with his long string of horses of all ages, two-year-olds predominating, has assuredly amongst these latter some of the early sort whom in the days of dark December, while yet yearlings, he has tried, or his trainer has tried for him, very smart indeed over three furlongs. One or two have bustled up the old mare most uncommonly at 21 lbs., and, but for the proverbial inefficiency of the stable lads who rode them, would have beaten her (excuses enter largely into the composition of good things). One has actually accomplished this feat, and all these, properly placed, are sure to pay their way in the first month or six weeks following the 25th of March. Some of this gilt may have been already rubbed off the gingerbread by the results of Lincoln, Northampton, or Epsom; but are there not engagements at the three Spring Meetings at Newmarket, to say nothing of other places where the private and true shall be verified, and the public and false reversed? Even if these hopes fail, though it is absurd to anticipate failure, there are those great growing young ones the ripest of which will not be ready ere Ascot, but which shall there auspiciously enter that long vista of successes stretching away to the end of the Houghton week, nay, perchance even into the dim and distant future of autumnal Manchester. Then a handicap—say the Crawford or Babraham Plate—is a good thing for old "Ultimus." Outclassed? not a bit of it. True he was not, or appeared not to be, within three stone of top form last back-end, and on one or two occasions certainly justified his unlucky name; but see how he has come on since. No horse could have wintered better; none so well; and he shall yet be improved seven pounds by the time he goes to the post. The Derby colt, too, does he not devour oats as if he was a corn-crushing machine instead of a quadruped? does he not when out more than satisfy all connected with him, growing bigger as the work gets stronger? Do his legs ever fill? and does not the schoolmaster even now begin to weary of leading him? Why, the Two Thousand is a certainty and the Derby a good thing for him! And the Oaks filly. Perhaps she does not come of a very staying sort; she was more than once beaten last year, and not always by first-class animals; but she was unlucky, got badly off, and then she had not done growing—now she is furnished and let down. Still, one can't win everything. But her speed is terrific; and for the One Thousand, at least, she is a good thing. She has absolutely nothing to beat in the Coronation; and, marces come on so in the autumn, she will take her own part in the Leger, &c.

Verily the Pandora-box of this man is full of good things; lucky for him if they do not all fly away. He will, at any rate, find hope at the bottom; else is he no true votary of the sport of kings.

Nor less sanguine, in his way, is the humble brother of the craft, the minor prophet, prophesying always smooth or good things—for himself. This season of 1886 is to be the year of his Hegira, or flight from comparative poverty and insignificance to the haven of actual wealth, and fame of the sort he most desires—the reputation of being a man who is "sure to take it up whenever he puts it down"; for it is the plunder of the ring rather than the rich stake that he covets, and for which he is now spreading his nets. His stud, though small, is, he flatters himself, select, and of merit beyond the ken of handicappers. He will not fly at high game, at any rate at first; but there is a selling-race he wots of at Nottingham or Manchester wherein that two-year-old he picked up as a yearling for 30*l.* at Doncaster, and which in February stretched the neck of the plater he claimed at Warwick, should show to advantage. No one, bar himself and trainer, knows how sharp that youngster is, the company is likely to be moderate, the swells have hardly begun to play the selling-race game. The Roper division might be dangerous, but are they beyond the reach of—well, never mind, it is, it must be, a good thing for us there. And the aforesaid old plater "Duplex," he, by running away with his boy at exercise, or in some accidental manner, has revealed staying



powers the existence of which his previous owners, shrewd judges though they are, seem never to have suspected. For him there is a selling-race at Croydon and another at Kempton, in both of which, over five furlongs, he might very easily be beaten; how he would get in the Ascot Stakes! But the Ascot Stakes is a poor betting race now, such a little money makes a horse favourite. No. Better run him short of work in the Hunt Cup and again in the Wokingham, then go on with him steadily, perhaps take him to Goodwood, and send him home again lame; and, after that, 6 st. 4 lbs. in Cesarewitch, 6 st. 11 lbs. in Cambridgeshire! The double event is a good thing, and we have two or three meanwhile who can pick up small handicaps just to keep the pot boiling, &c. And so forth with owners, according to their various aspirations and ambitions; but the great majority—the men who back, but do not own horses—is there no golden future, are there no good things in store for them? Perish the thought. The member of clubs has his intimate friend or friends connected with the great stables—surely not only the crumbs, but a large slice of the loaf from these rich men's tables shall fall to his share. Already he has had hints and half-confidences as to what has been done or what is confidently expected to happen “the first time we strip them” at Newmarket, in Sussex, or in Hampshire; not unknown to him is the rod in pickle, the scouring wherewith the ring were miraculously spared last autumn, but which shall descend on their bare backs ere spring has ripened into summer; while his own corrected and revised private handicap of two-year-olds in 1885 has made the discovery of the Derby winner as simple as shelling peas. Care sits lightly on the soul of the professional bucker, if, indeed, it pierces at all the oak and triple brass. Not that he expects the premature confidences of members of the Jockey Club, of other influential, or indeed of any, owners; but he is very confident in his own powers of observation, in his large acquaintance with trainers and jockeys and with such touts as he may deem worthy of attention. To use his own words—“I shall know as much as anybody by the time the numbers go up; they'll have to come to me to do their commissions, or, if not to me, to somebody I know. I shall be in all their good things,” “they” being the body corporate of owners.

As for the general public, the minor fry who frequent race-courses or bet on the tape or in the streets and at public-houses, no cloud of doubt darkens on their horizon. Some few amongst them may know Archer's aunt's washerwoman or Cannon's uncle's upholsterer, or have other special sources of information and private guides to fortune; but for the rest are there not the “Infallible Joes,” the “Undeclared Dicks,” the “Supernatural Sams,” and all the army of tipsters, with their finals and wires and selections, ready to empty a cornucopia of good things into the lap of each and all at the modest fee of ten shillings to Ascot, one pound the whole season? And should experience of these magicians bring disillusion, are not “Pavo” and the daily prophets to the fore with comfort and advice?

Meantime, with this golden shower about to pour down into the outstretched hands and gaping pockets of all classes of backers, how shall it fare with the ring, against whom this formidable host of flyers and good things is marshalled and set in array? Are the poor bookmakers not meet objects for our pity? Is it possible they can escape bankruptcy and dissolution? Will there be any survivors to meet us in the July week behind the Ditch? Well, at any rate they have not the appearance of men disheartened; nay, if you question them, the only anticipatory fears you will hear will be most likely to the effect that “The betting is not what it used to be,” “There is very little money about, no new plungers coming on,” or “Settling gets worse every year, we shall have more bad debts than ever”—a tone which savours more of modest confidence than of despair in the immediate future. Perhaps they are right. There are a good many turns up in the course of a racing season; horses' sinews are more fallible than figures, private trials less reliable than the “pull of the tables.” What will the upshot be? Will the big man land all those great weight-for-age races? Will the little man bring off the contemplated *comp* flavoured with the *sauce piquante* of sharp practice? Will their friends share in these triumphs, and will the world at large be on through the medium of advertising omniscience? or will it be the old story of “Those cursed fielders had it their own way again all through the year”? *Qui vivra verra*. On the whole, we incline to the opinion that, good things notwithstanding, the bookmakers are more or less justified in their assurance, implied, if not expressed, that they at least will lie warm during the winter 1886-7. No matter—what is quite certain is, that Hope deferred never makes sick the heart of the thoroughgoing Turfite, he is possessed of a demon, he knows it, and is strong in his determination that,

Tide what tide,  
The demon shall a buffet bide.

#### AUTHOR-CRITICS.

THE British Theatre is not free from abuses. The “star actor,” the genteel “super,” the so-called “actress” of burlesque, the unlettered manager, the “leading lady” whose only qualifications are good looks and ignorance—with these and a world besides upon its shoulders it has to stagger along as best it may. In a kind of way it exists; in a kind of way it even thrives. Moreover, it enjoys such encumbrances as we

have named in common with all the theatres of the world. They are in no wise peculiar; they are the lot of the stage in general, and shall hardly be reformed out of being while that institution lasts. What, however, is practically the heaviest blessing of all—the blessing of the author-critic, the journalist who is also a playwright—is in some sort a particularity. Of course he exists in America; as what that is objectionable does not? He has even a sort of being—a being altogether fitful, intermittent, unrecognized—in France. But to find him at his most active and most vigorous he must be sought in London. There is he an influence, there is he popular and omnipotent. His function is twofold. He has a journal, and is armed to harry and destroy; he has a French dictionary, and is equipped for creation and production. In the one capacity, he hectors, and terrorizes, and condemns, he keeps himself and his colleagues a fair field and a great deal of favour, he commends himself directly to actors in want of puffs and managers in want of pieces. In the other he translates, he botches, he adapts, he arranges, he even “improves”; in a word, he plays his part as one of Shakspeare's heirs, and appropriates with ease and opportunity his share, and more than his share, of the inheritance of Sheridan and Congreve, and it is hard to say in which expression of his peculiar individuality he is the more ridiculous or unnecessary.

It is needless in either that he should know English. As a journalist, he may never be able to solve the great and dreadful “and which” problem, and still go on banning and blessing in print as the nephew, the cousin, the aunt of a proprietor. As a dramatist, it is enough for him to be able to construe Scribe and understand the easier parts of Sardou. His reward is immediate and abundant. With his “small Latin and less Greek”—his imperfect acquaintance with the tongue of Boucicault and Shakspeare, his more imaginative practice of the language of Denney and Molière—he contrives in some sort to possess the British stage. He knows nothing, nor wants to know anything, of the art of drama. He can read the Paris papers, and is more or less *au fait* of the hits and misses of Parisian playwrights; he has relations with principal actors and actresses; and, as a person with a journal—a person, that is, who can speak with some semblance of authority to a certain number of the constituents of an audience—he can recommend himself without difficulty to the gentleman or lady in whose hands the gods have placed the destiny of this or that playhouse. What chance so persuasive and so fruitful as his? what fortune so easy? He works, like the Jews of old, with the trowel in one hand and the lethal scimitar in the other. He clears the ground for himself with his right, and with his left he prepares a substitute for that it is his interest to sweep away. Moreover, in producing himself as an original dramatist he can use such aids to fame as are beyond the reach of the common playwright. He finds his plot, his action, his characters, his dialogue ready-made to his hand; he has only to change the language for his own (such as it is), introduce an “improvement” here and there, inform the whole with the beautiful morality which the public is supposed to love, and which it is his constant care to champion in the columns of his journal; and the trick is done. He reveals himself an artist; the credit and renown which before were wholly Augier's or Pailleron's have come to be partly his; he has achieved another “great success,” has forged another link between the press and the stage, and has provided the middleman (who is the manager) with an article which he, the author, and his friends are bound to impose upon the public. Of course it may happen that his work is so complete and desperate a failure that to support it is impossible, and the unhappy middleman is left to his own devices and the contemplation of his wrecked hopes and damaged fortunes. But in such a pass the author-critic suffers least of all. He is let down gently enough—the fault is not his, but his original's; and he stays no longer out of work than the time between his own damnation and the next Parisian success. Perhaps, if he could, the middleman would go elsewhere for assistance. But there is the journal to be reckoned with; and in a problem of this sort, the journal is an element of tremendous potency.

The fact is, no critic who has written and produced a play should continue to sit in judgment on the plays of other men. It is unfair to him and to them: to him, because he must of necessity compare their work with his own; to them, because, by a very natural process of reasoning and feeling, such comparisons are made to tend inevitably in what is not exactly the right direction. And if this be true of the critic who has hit or missed with a single drama, it is an hundredfold more so of him who goes on making plays in the intervals of criticism, and in the intervals of playmaking sits as a judge upon a number of offenders whose rival in another place he is, and whom it is to his manifest advantage to deny and disparage from the bench. The system is a bad one at the best; but for that “live and let live” principle by which the professional life of to-day is more or less inspired, it would be found intolerable. As it is, it clamours loudly for reform. In France, when M. Henri Becque declares against M. Gondinet, or M. Zola abuses *Le Demi-Monde*, or reviles *La Tour de Nesle* or *Gabrielle*, nobody minds, because everybody knows that M. Zola has been damned, and that M. Becque is not nearly so popular a dramatist as he believes he ought to be. But, just as in England some writers confine themselves strictly to the production of plays, in France M. Augier takes care to express his theories of drama in his comedies alone, and M. Damas to restrict himself in his prefaces to the discussion of his own individual work, while MM. Pailleron, Sardou, Meilhac,

Gondinet, Halévy, and Labiche are never heard of as critics at all. In France, indeed, it is recognized that the functions of dramatist and dramatic critic are not with decency to be combined in the person of one writer. The signed article is an institution there; but the unwritten law is not affected by that, and is only transgressed by disappointed reformers like the author of *Thérèse Raquin* and *Les Corbeaux*. In England here, the home of Pecksniff and the White Ribbon Army, we have swallowed certain formulas with a completeness of execution that, from a certain point of view, leaves nothing to be desired. Our journalistic system is anonymous; and we rejoice in the fact that we are governed by a band of author-critics whose business it is to supply us with plays, original or translated, and then to teach us what we ought to think of them. The result is that managers (that is, middlemen), so far from disapproving, are sometimes thought to despise such critics as do not make their capacities of service an argument in favour of their inborn and undeniable excellence as dramatists; while the public has come to be altogether indifferent, and to care as little for the morality of its advisers as for the literary or dramatic quality of the plays it goes to see on their advice. What is the proverb that refers to the better ordering of matters in France? 'Tis of the mustiest; but it will serve again.

#### THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE.

THE devotion of the faithful has been rewarded at last. After witnessing a series of contests of very moderate interest, save for experts, those who flock to Putney for the race have at length seen a really splendid struggle, and, strange to say, that part of the long battle which is usually the most utterly dull, from there being no possible doubt as to which way victory must go, was, on this occasion, exciting in the extreme. A more thrilling finish, with a more surprising result, was surely never witnessed on the Thames; but to say this is merely to say what every one was saying five or six days ago. Indeed, to talk at the end of the week about a race that took place at the end of the preceding week is nowadays to talk about what is thought to have become a matter of history. Still, after the lapse of even this space of time, it may be possible to speak of the University boat-race without being altogether trite and out of date.

In the first place it may be observed that, when mighty events of this kind become historical, some care should be taken that history is correct, and that there is not an accretion of myth from the first. Now some of the accounts of last Saturday's contest certainly show what fallacy may lurk in contemporary statements. The most remarkable feature of a remarkable race was the fact that the boat which was leading well at Barnes Bridge was ultimately beaten. How often has it happened before that a University Eight which was a good length and a half ahead under the arch was the vanquished one? And that the Oxford boat was at the very least a length and a half ahead under the arch there cannot be the least doubt; indeed, the only question is whether there was not more than half a length of clear water between the two boats. Off the Limes it appeared to an observer on board the press steamer and to another stationed at the Limes, who could hardly be mistaken in the matter, that there was a considerable gap between the two. After this came the wonderful rush of the crew who were to all appearance beaten at Barnes Bridge, which won them the race on the post, and made the contest as memorable as any recorded in boating annals; and strange is it to find that the public were gravely informed by some writers who seemed to be very pundits as to boat-racing that when the Eights passed under Barnes Bridge the Cambridge boat was overlapping the Oxford craft. Had this been the case there would have been nothing very remarkable in the Cambridge crew overhauling the other with the advantage of the inside line, and it is not a little amusing to discover that elaborate, and apparently careful, accounts of a contest omit the most important fact in it, thereby making it seem comparatively commonplace. Such a curious blunder in so very simple a matter certainly shows how much weight is to be given to the appalling accounts of the performances of the crews which appear after they have come up to the Thames. If we remember rightly, Mark Twain once announced his intention of lecturing on the subjects of which he knew least, and on which, therefore, he could speak with the greatest freedom; and writers who criticize minutely, but fail to see the difference between a length and a half or more and an overlap, seem to be carrying out his idea in all seriousness.

So much for the accounts by experts of an exceptional contest, which have been widely read and, we doubt not, widely believed in. As for the race itself, there was one feature in it, not a very pleasing one, which has not perhaps received the attention it deserved. We refer to the steering of the two coxswains, which certainly appeared to be more "jealous" than is usually the case with University Eights. In the early part of the race, the helmsman of the Light Blue—who, as we need hardly inform our readers, had the Middlesex side—took his boat considerably more out into the stream than is usually done, and certainly seemed to bore the other boat towards the opposite shore, while the Oxford coxswain was apparently in doubt whether to hold on or give way; and, below the bridge, there was several times danger of a foul. We will not attempt to decide which coxswain was in the wrong; but the sight was not gratifying, and should not have been seen at a University race. The centre arch of Hammersmith Bridge

was admirably taken by both steerers; but some little distance above it there seemed again to be danger of collision. In Corney Reach the Oxford coxswain avenged himself for any wrongs he may have sustained, and took his opponent's water—a high-handed proceeding which for a time gave him some advantage, but unfortunately for himself he was still a trespasser above Barnes Bridge, where the Cambridge coxswain, after dallying apparently for a moment with the suicidal idea of going outside the other boat, ported his helm, and Mr. Pitman put on that tremendous final spurt which will make his name famous among many generations of oarsmen. The Oxford crew, surprised by the sudden and rapid advance of the enemy, had to get out of the way quickly, and lost both time and ground. To say that Oxford might have won if both boats had kept their own water more strictly would be merely to enter into a vague discussion which could lead to no definite conclusion; but it may certainly be said with truth that it would have been well if there had not been, on the part of both steerers, a slight tendency to tactics resembling those of the yacht-racing captains who delight in a bit of "jockeying." As to the two crews, it need only be said that they have received no more admiration than they deserved. The Cambridge crew, having won, are naturally thought the better men; but it must be remembered that the others had to carry 2 st. more weight, that their boat was comparatively new to them, and that their coxswain, though by no means deserving the severe criticism passed on him in a paper usually remarkable for its temperance, was not so skilful as the other steerer. If the two crews could pull again, equally at home in their boats, with coxswains equally good and of the same weight, the match would, we believe, be regarded as a perfectly even one.

#### INSTRUCTION FOR THE PUBLIC INSTRUCTOR.

THE Court Circular announced lately that, among other people similarly honoured, the Earl of Dalhousie, K.T., was introduced to the Queen's presence, and kissed hands on his appointment as Secretary of State for Scotland. This is very distressing. We should have expected better things from the *Court Circular*. If it goes astray, who can expect to keep right? "If," as "the poore persone of a toun," asks in Chaucer, "gold ruste what shulde iren do?" If the Court Newsmen be ignorant, "on whom we trust, no wonder is a lewed man to rust"—the ordinary news-writer, editorial or sub-editorial, the lobby lounge, the London Correspondent, and other purveyors of facts and fictions to a world eager to hear something new, and with no exacting requirement of truth. Grave historians, we must admit, now and then keep the diurnal gossip in countenance. We lately referred to Mr. Froude's fanciful sketch of Lord Palmerston in the act of Cabinet-making, and to the learned Dr. Gneist's enrolment of the Chief Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland among Her Majesty's principal Secretaries of State. Mr. Lecky out-Froudes Froude and out-Gneists Gneist. Describing the formation of the second Rockingham Administration in 1782, he remarks, with the sedate composure of one sure of his facts:—"The system of having three Secretaries of State was now abolished, and replaced by the present system of two Secretaries of State, one for the Foreign and the other for the Home and Colonial Departments." Lest any one should charge us with inventing, we declare solemnly, having the passage now under our eyes, and being, we hope, of sound mind and distinct optical perception, that the sentence is to be found on the two hundred and seventh page of the fourth volume of Mr. Lecky's *History of England in the Eighteenth Century*, which volume, according to the title-page, was published in the year 1882—just a hundred years after the arrangement was made which he describes as having existed uninterruptedly since. We leave the five Secretaries of State of 1882 to scramble for the two Secretaryships of State which alone Mr. Lecky leaves open to them. It is a pity that Mr. Lecky's studies had not reached into the nineteenth century before he began to write about the eighteenth. That any man interested in English history and politics should have been alive and at large in 1882 who did not know that the Colonial and Home Departments had long been separated from each other, and that, in addition to these departments and the Foreign Secretaryship, separate departments for India and for War had been created, is a curiosity of literature worth noting. There is some excuse for blunders such as this in the writing too often from hand to mouth, in the literal sense, of the hurried journalist, a sort of political improvisatore on all sorts of topics—"such he gives his daily dreadful line to." But the historian who ignores Sir William Harcourt, Lord Granville, Lord Kimberley, Mr. Childers, and Lord Hartington, whom he has met at the Athenæum Club or Foreign Office receptions in 1882, suggests some doubts as to his familiarity with Lord Shelburne and Mr. Fox in 1782. In Mr. Lecky's case the suspicion would not be well founded. He knows a great deal about the eighteenth century. He also, we infer from some of his writings, has a prophetic acquaintance with the twentieth century. The nineteenth is too near him for research or prediction. Of the injunction of St. Bernard, *respice, aspice, prospice*, he neglects the *aspice*.

In one of his speeches, Mr. Addington congratulated the House of Commons on the "profound peace" which then prevailed. Being taken to task for this phrase, used in a very disturbed con-



dition of affairs, he explained that when he said "profound" he did not precisely mean "profound," but that when one mentioned peace it was natural to call it profound. He had some idea perhaps of paying a compliment to the peace, and spoke of it as profound much as he would have called a lawyer learned, or a general gallant, animated by a sense of Parliamentary courtesy and alliterative appropriateness. In the same way, probably, when the *Court Circular* intends to say "Secretary for Scotland," it cannot help saying Secretary of State for Scotland. The words "of State" seem an inevitable interpolation between the words "Secretary" and "for Scotland." Even the gentleman who compiles the *Court Circular* might be supposed, however, to be aware, as a matter of fact, that Lord Dalhousie is not a member of the Cabinet, and, as a matter of reason, so far as reason has anything to do with politics, that a Secretary of State without a seat in the Cabinet is an impossible conception. The blunder is a slight one, however, compared with those which offend the critical reader in the morning and evening newspapers. Cobbett, in his *English Grammar*, selected his illustrations of violations of syntax out of the King's Speeches. A good examination paper might be set out of the English newspapers for a single week, in which examples of every form and degree of political ignorance might be given for criticism and detection. The mistakes are often trivial enough; but they are offences against sense and usage which are irritating to minds given to accuracy. When a French newspaper speaks of Lord Gladstone and Sir Chamberlain, we know perfectly well who are meant. When M. Thiers, in his *History of the French Revolution*, identifies an eminent diplomatist by the incidental explanation, "Lord Malmesbury, autrefois Sir Harry," there is no possibility of mistaking the person intended. Ludicrous as these and similar blunders are, we could match them in the products of native ignorance. We have seen an Irish peer, now a peer of the United Kingdom also, described as Lord William Kensington; while Lord Churchill, Lord Fitzmaurice, and Lord Manners are used as perfectly correct and even ceremonious designations of the Lord Randolph, Lord Edmond, and Lord John of those names. Earl Derby and the Earl of Granville are familiar to the newspapers. Mr. Mundella figures not unfrequently as the Hon. A. J. Mundella. The wife of a baronet or a knight is converted with much equanimity into Lady Mary This or Lady Jane That—why is not the good old title "Dame" revived?—while the daughter of an earl or other superior peer is lopped down into Lady Cecil or Lady Howard. That the American Minister or the Consul-General for Switzerland is not an ambassador, or that the German or Russian Ministers would be an improper designation for the representatives of the Courts of Berlin and St. Petersburg, would be not so much a surprising as an unintelligible statement to a great number of the gentlemen of the press. It is said that a distinguished nobleman, visiting Utah with good letters of introduction, overheard an anxious discussion among the Mormon elders as to the title which ought to be given him. It was ultimately decided that "Mr. Earl" was the proper form of address; and so he was called, with much ceremony, during his visit. There was no particular harm in this; and there is no particular harm in the way in which our newspaper writers fling about impossible names and titles and other designations, personal and official. A man who puts his knife into his mouth or who does not take off his hat to a lady may be a very respectable character; but his little foibles are better avoided. It is not less desirable that a man whose business it is to speak and write of public persons and offices should be able to name them in a manner not grossly and ludicrously inaccurate. Lord Sherbrooke insisted very strenuously some sixteen or seventeen years ago on the necessity of teaching our masters their letters. Surely some provision might be made for the instruction of our public instructors. We have a College of Preceptors, in order to guarantee that those who teach the ingenuous youth of the nation may know something themselves. Why not have a College of Journalists, for the communication of elementary information as to the common terms of public life, the social and political usages, the institutions and Constitution, of England to the political schoolmasters of our adult population? The ignorance of which we have selected trivial indications admits of much graver illustration.

#### UNFAIR BOWLING.

THE spring months have now begun, and it will not be long before cricket, with all its attractions and excitements, is in full swing. And so a few words about that great bugbear of the game—throwing, or unfair bowling—will not be out of place. All cricketers and the cricket-loving public will recollect the great disgust that last season was created by the persistent manner in which Lancashire continued to play a professional bowler whose delivery was considered by many competent judges to be unfair, and how the Committees of Nottingham and Kent refused to enter the field against that county so long as it employed unfair bowling. Happily the cause of this ill-feeling has been removed, and every one will be pleased to know that the old state of harmony has now been restored, and that at the present moment nothing but good feeling exists between all our County Committees. Pleased as every one interested in the game must be with the removal of this obstacle to county cricket, the throwing question is still far from being settled; and there cannot be a shadow of a doubt that directly the game begins again this

season we shall still find on almost every ground in the kingdom some one bowler, if not more, who has, to put it mildly, a doubtful delivery. If, as we have heard some cricketers say, it does not matter whether a man bowls or throws, of course nothing need be done except the expunging by the M.C.C. of the tenth law of the game. But if, as most believe, throwing is pernicious and calculated to exercise a most disastrous effect on the game, something must be done to stamp it out.

Now with regard to the first of these propositions, that it does not matter whether a man throws or bowls, there appear to be two good arguments to be advanced against it. Firstly, that throwing, if allowed, will spoil the art of bowling. In throwing, the action of every man must be similar to a certain extent, and from the very nature of the delivery the ball can never leave the hand with any spin or twist, except the one from the off-side. It is also an impossibility for a thrower to deceive the batsman by that wonderful high slow ball, delivered by the bowler without any apparent alteration in his action, and brought to such perfection by the Australian bowlers. Spofforth, who on all days and on all wickets is perhaps the best bowler the world has ever seen, is most deadly with this ball. Garrett, Palmer, and Giffen also use this deception with great effect; it was one of Alfred Shaw's most deadly devices, and was developed by Lohman, the young Surrey bowler, last season with considerable success. Again, what is to become of our round-the-wicket bowlers, who often get rid of a formidable opponent by that most insidious of all balls, one pitched on the leg-stump and working away to the off side? It is an impossibility for a thrower to deliver such a ball. He is limited to the ordinary off-stump break-back, and lacks the variety of pace, flight, spin, and twist which every bowler must possess before he can hope to rank in the first class. If these arguments are correct, there cannot be a doubt that throwing will tend to diminish the art of bowling, which in these days of nets and professional automation bowlers wants every encouragement.

Secondly, if throwing is allowed, the batsman will be in a position of considerable and unnecessary danger. Cricketers have said and do say, "Let the throwers alone, they are all the easier to play"; and this may be so at present, when every thrower must, for the sake of appearances, adopt in some slight measure the disguise of an action. But when throwing is once recognized as part of the game, a race of throwers is bound to spring up whose pace will be so terrific that even the best of batsmen will not be able to defend his body against such lightning-like deliveries. Suppose a Bonnor, or a Mr. Forbes, or a Mr. Game, all of whom have thrown at least 125 yards, were to take to throwing, is it likely that a batsman at a distance of only twenty-one yards could defend his person against such an onslaught? Even with an ordinary fast bowler it is sometimes difficult for a batsman to prevent himself being hit by a full pitch at the ribs, and with an undisguised thrower the danger would be tenfold.

There can, therefore, be little doubt that throwing is injurious to the interests of the game; and, as such unfair cricket has much increased during the last few years, the question that every member of the cricket-loving community must ask himself is, What can be done to stop this nuisance? At present the Committee of the M.C.C. feel great difficulty in legislating with regard to this question. It is hardly possible to do more than they have done. They have instructed the umpires to watch very closely the delivery of every doubtful bowler. This step has proved useless because a professional umpire for many reasons will not no-ball an unfair professional bowler, and consequently, until amateurs consent to serve as umpires, we shall never see unfair professional bowlers no-balled. Then how must the nuisance be met? The answer is plain and clear. Public opinion must step in. If every amateur cricketer, good or bad, set his face resolutely against the evil, and did his best to discourage it, the practice would soon die out. In the North of England, where there are hundreds of clubs, numerous are the throwers to be met with. Why should not every man, in the real interests of the game, say to his captain, "If you bowl Mr. Chucker, you must do without me"? Things have come to such a pitch now that, unless the amateurs of England take the matter up and do their utmost to stamp this practice out, it will every year become more deeply rooted, and consequently every year exercise a more pernicious influence on the game. In this we might well sink our pride and take a lesson from the Australians. They are not able to teach us much about the spirit in which cricket should be played, but it is impossible for their most rigorous detractors to say that any one of the Australian bowlers has ever been even near the line of a doubtful delivery. One can traverse the whole of the Colonies, and, after being astonished and pleased at the intense love of cricket which seems to pervade all classes, come home equally astonished and pleased that such a thing as a "thrower" is unknown. The Colonials will not tolerate the practice; if a man once shows symptoms of a bent arm combined with an outward movement of the elbow and wrist, his days as a bowler are numbered, and he retires. It will be well for every one to realize that, if this question is allowed to drift on from year to year without any serious protest from public opinion, it will become absolutely necessary for the M.C.C. Committee to do something in the matter. What that something ought to be of course is exceedingly doubtful, and many and varied would be the opinions of competent judges as to the form of legislation that would meet the evil. It can almost be taken for granted that the definition of a throw is beyond the range of practical legislation; and, even if it were possible to make such a definition, the solution of the

question would be no nearer, for it would be just as hard for an umpire to say that a bowler came within the definition as it is now for him to say that a bowler throws. A suggestion has been made that the M. C. C. Committee should publish a list of those bowlers who, in their opinion, are throwers; but this would be unjust, as a man may throw on one day and not on the next. The suggestion which seems most plausible and freest from difficulty is that the umpire at the batsman's end, standing at short-leg, should have the power of calling "no ball" if in his opinion the ball was delivered unfairly, as well as the umpire at the bowler's end. This, though apparently a great change, would at first exercise little or no effect in first-class matches, where the umpires chosen by the M. C. C. Committee have never yet no-balled a professional bowler for unfair bowling. But where it would at once exert itself most powerfully and beneficially would be in small club matches, especially in the North of England. There it is no uncommon occurrence for each side to have a "thrower" who carefully goes on at his own umpire's end, never daring to show his face at the other, with the result that an independent opinion is never given on his mode of delivery. If either umpire had the power to "no-ball," in the great majority of cases these men, the pests of club cricket, would disappear, and if the unpopularity of throwers was established in local cricket, the same result would necessarily follow in first-class matches.

It is to be earnestly desired by all lovers of the game that no alteration of the rules in any shape or form may be necessary, but if all the leading amateurs do not combine and offer a resolute and firm resistance to this growing evil practice, some such alteration will doubtless have to be made with a view to restoring the tarnished name of English cricket.

#### MESMERISM IN THE MIRE.

A VERY pitiful attempt to pander to the tastes of those who delight in being mystified has recently been made at a place of entertainment in London. The old dish of mesmerism was served up with an ample allowance of American sauce in the form of startling advertisement. It might have been thought that the least result of such a flourish in these days of competition to provide amusement and distraction for the people would be a performance that would rival, if not altogether overshadow, that of the African mesmerizer Lewis, who made himself famous in London and Edinburgh some twenty-five years ago, or could at any rate be compared with the scarcely less striking doings of Mme. Card, to whose magic power the Oxford and Cambridge undergraduate of so many generations has frequently succumbed. But the hopes of the curious were completely dashed, and it would seem from the fiasco of his first night that the "Strange Man in London" is probably destined to be a stranger still.

Beginning with a short address to his audience, in the usual jargon of the "electro-biologist" of the platform, the showman soon proceeded to form his circle of sitters, stating that he was able to mesmerize about ten per cent. of all comers. Apparent success was almost instantaneously attained with the surprising number of almost fifty per cent. of the circle, so rapidly, indeed, that the suspicion at once arose that they were trained "subjects," whether duly mesmerized or not. This suspicion was by no means weakened by the fact that these young men had entered the assembly together. The operator claimed to demonstrate that his subjects could not feel by passing needles through the tongues of some of them; and was proceeding with the well-known exhibition of mesmeric "business" when it was suggested by a bystander that the personnel of the circle should be entirely renewed. This was done with the applause of the audience, the only remonstrance coming from one of the victims of the "influence," who, while asking what was imputed to him by the proposal made to change the sitters, was promptly suppressed by the magician. No result followed the efforts of the mesmerizer on his fresh material, with the exception of one sitter, who appeared to have entered with the former set of "subjects." A large part of the audience hereupon left the room, and the compliant sitters of the first circle were then recalled to reward with their antics the faithful who remained.

It has been pointed out before that hypnotism, or "mesmerism," is the great standby of the modern mystery-monger, the *pièce de résistance* of the Psychical Researcher. It is invaluable to all such, as the reality of the condition cannot be denied; and, since many of its manifestations are so readily imitated or expanded by fraud, and the line, therefore, is so difficult to draw between fact and fiction, mesmerism has been always a favourite subject with the genuine impostor, as well as with the credulous enthusiast, who can never be satisfied without an inexplicable residuum left by his inquiries. The mesmerism of the platform is a telling example of that half-truth which is worse than any falsehood, which lives longer and works more harm than a downright thumping lie. It is unnecessary here to discuss the cause or the meaning of the hypnotic condition; but it must be remembered that most people can mesmerize somebody, that a respectable minority of people can be mesmerized by some, a smaller number by a good many, and that a still more select few are what may be called auto-mesmerizable, or are natural somnambulists. The elements necessary for an exhibition of hypnotism being both impossible subjects and an operator with the power of impressing them, it follows that in a given limited number of experiments

there must be many failures, if indeed genuine successes be attained at all. Hence either to amuse or convince a popular audience it is requisite for the public mesmerizer to resort to the help of accomplices or to have ready several subjects who are known to him as being easily made hypnotic. In either case the practice of the showman is not in accord with his profession; for his implied claim is that he is influencing an unknown audience. And, although in favourable circumstances it would not often be difficult for an expert observer to distinguish between a hypnotized person and one who is shamming, it is not always easy; and most of the experiments made and permitted on a public occasion must generally leave the question at the very least an open one. It may scarcely be doubted that, for "a consideration," a man could have his tongue transfixed by a needle without giving evidence of suffering, as easily as many with good self-control can endure the extraction of a tooth. But, be this as it may, it seems clear that public exhibitions of so-called mesmerism are generally to be deprecated. They serve only to obscure whatever truth and possible usefulness there may be among the facts which they claim to demonstrate and certainly travesty. Hypnotic phenomena fare but little better at the hands of those good people who profess to test them in private assemblies, for from such circles the spirit of healthy scientific scepticism is almost always absent. The intimate blending of the true and the false in mesmerism lends just that amount of vitality to the mysterious which is requisite to give a scientific aspect to its study, and supplies at the same time the inexplicable residuum so dear to the heart of the Psychical Researcher. Mesmerism will probably long continue to be the will-o'-the-wisp which lures such inquirers to their obscure doom. The demonstrable facts on which mesmeric mythology rests can be brought to light and rightly understood, if at all, by the physiologist and the physician alone, and must be studied in an atmosphere quite untainted by the cupidity or the enthusiasm of mystery-mongers of any creed or colour.

#### MODERN PICTURES AT THE GRAHAM SALE.

THE Graham Sale has enabled us to compare the works of several painters who have exercised a considerable influence upon English taste and practice in art during the past thirty or forty years. Dante Rossetti, Fred. Walker, Ary Scheffer, Sir J. E. Millais, Messrs. Watts, Burne Jones, Legros, Holman Hunt, and Whistler—all these have at some time or other occupied a good deal of the public attention. They illustrate the different phases through which movements in art must pass—the discovery and separate cultivation of different qualities; the period of culmination, when they are used, ripe, and in combination; and the subsequent period of divorce and decadence. Schools preceding the great epochs have not learned the limits of the materials they use, and often mistake literary for plastic conceptions. Their technique is apt to be dry and characteristically smooth, as Holbein's; or rough and purposelessly tumbled, as Constable's is occasionally. And as their method is applied without modification to every subject, it never contributes anything to the sentiment. In the great epochs no lines of demarcation can be drawn between conception, treatment, and execution; thought and expression are one; all the provinces of technique are compacted under the rule of a presiding imagination. The colour is subjected to a scheme; drawing and modelling are applied to every object; the dose of realism is consistent throughout; and the handling proper is regulated by the feeling of the main idea, and, whatever it express, is treated in the style of the whole. Like the accompaniment to a dramatic song, its importance at any place should be proportioned to the strength of the interest. During the anarchical period of a decadence, subordinate provinces of technique and treatment break loose from the control of the imagination, and essay to make a centre of what was once but an outlying post of vantage. The kingdom is not narrow, as amongst the Primitives, but is no longer governed by the lawful king, imagination.

Messrs. Watts and Legros, above all others here represented, aim at carrying out the traditions of the classical schools; at retaining their perfect balance of imagination, treatment, and technique. Even when Mr. Legros plainly aims, as in the "Cardinal," at recalling a primitive master, he imitates a real pre-Raphaelite and not an archaic model. The resemblance, too, is ingeniously superficial, and Mr. Legros loses none of the advantages he has acquired from the study of higher models. In this picture the head is constructed with the ease and sureness of knowledge, and with the parsimony of means, which reveal a real master; every touch is expressive, and assists in modelling some form. All the same, his "Head of a Bishop" is an effort of completer art, at once more striking and more original. It shows a most robust and original use of water-colour. The character and expression of the head may be seen from any distance; and the background, though free from petty prettiness of every kind, is full of fresh and lovely colour. His large solemn landscapes have a breadth and dignity rarely seen in these days, and, if we may judge by the prices they fetched, utterly unappreciated. None of his pictures went for more than twenty pounds; this is not surprising if the spring exhibitions may be taken as an indication of public taste. Sober colour, dignity, and harmonious proportion go for nothing; a spurious brilliance must be had at any cost—even if it desecrate the atmosphere, and produce the lively-coloured tin world of the toyshop. Mr. Watts is less stern than Mr. Legros, and is



"fatter" and more Venetian in his colour. But, in spite of his greater sensuous charm, he is scarcely so sound a workman. His "Sunflower" (315*l.*) shows us nature seen grandly by a sober, yet rich, colourist, and a man who knows how to give dignity and breadth of surface to flesh. His "Diana and Endymion" treats a subject about which the fancy of most people has been greatly stimulated by literature, and perhaps for this reason, rather than for its thoroughly plastic beauties of flowing line, grace of type, tenderness of colour, and perfect adjustment of the group to the space it occupies, it fetched the comparatively high price of 913*l.* 10*s.*

From the works of this great colourist—who shines, however, in an eminent degree in most qualities—we may pass to the works of those so-called English pre-Raphaelites who were also colourists, but generally in a strange, personal, and one-sided way. Pre-Raphaelites they were not, unless, at all events, in the sense that most of them began to cope with the representation of the external world, as if the harmonious balance of all the qualities of nature and paint, as well as the effect upon the mind of various combinations of line, colour, and chiaroscuro, had never been discovered. To the real *naïveté* of the original and gradual discoverers of these qualities and these principles they never could attain. Moreover, they began their movement in the face of the triumphant success of another great school, who, in touching once more the solid basis of realism, did not throw away the well-forged weapon of the past—namely, the comprehension of a complete *ensemble* of the qualities of nature—but, on the contrary, sought to conquer by its aid new fields of human sentiment and experience. The old pre-Raphaelites forgot air in the pursuit of local colour; they neglected broad values and the relations of parts to masses for the love of special objects; in short, they forgot large beauty in the quest of small ends, and, occupied with the symbolic significance of certain colours and certain details, they were careless what might be the general effect of their whole arrangement and treatment of paint. Foremost of all stands Rossetti, not only by reason of his native fire and originality, but because his rare artistic insight ranged over larger fields, and enabled him to understand broader conventions, of art. Of all Englishmen, probably none could be less easily spared, historically speaking; for of no man, perhaps not even of Turner, could a less adequate idea be given by the pictures of his pupils and cognate contemporaries. It was, therefore, not without good reason that the National Gallery decided to purchase his "Ecce Ancilla Domini" (840*l.*), although it is doubtless to be regretted that it is not more characteristic of his better period, and of the fuller development of his genius. On first entering the Rossetti room, as was the case at the Academy's Winter Exhibition of 1883, you were, of course, unpleasantly alive to the very apparent technical faults of his work; indeed, it was almost unconsciously that you began to lose note of them, to accept as natural the inadequacies of the presentation, and finally to abandon yourself to the irresistible power with which the sentiment was somehow conveyed. With all his shortcomings, his extravagant drawing, and his frequently morbid modelling—still more in spite of his symbolism and his literary intentions—Dante Rossetti had a true painter's imagination. Even his workmanship, in his best efforts at least, is conceived on good broad principles, and fails only in execution. Considering how much he tried for, and the many bad examples by which he was surrounded, it must be confessed that this failure might well have been greater. In the midst of the most sensuous and glowing splendours of colour, he generally kept his head; and the quantities of the different colours are so admirably balanced that they vibrate harmoniously and with full resonance, even in the strongest and most complicated schemes. The richest and most elaborate design of accessories, both in colour and form, rarely mars the unity and intense passion of the whole arrangement. More than any modern man, Rossetti had the instinct for disposing strong, bright, barbaric colours in the most lively contrast, without any harshness and without destroying that feeling of atmospheric envelopment which most men are forced to suggest by using a much larger proportion of grey or broken tint. This is rather a savage than a civilized gift, and it is one of the secrets of Rossetti's power that he possessed this primitive and elementary instinct to an extent that enabled him to use it in work which at least approached in completeness the art of periods of culmination. Who else would have made the strong blues, violets, reds, and yellows of "The First Madness of Ophelia" (236*l.* 5*s.*) sing thus harmoniously together? The larger canvases—"Mariana" (661*l.* 10*s.*) and "La Ghirlandata" (1,050*l.*)—though they are not equal to "The Blue Bower" and others which were exhibited at the Academy, displayed, better than anything else at the sale, his power of organizing rich and crowded schemes of colour. Moreover, the *intention* of the treatment is good; the flesh is simple, though rather muddy in tone, and it is brushed broadly in the direction of the larger forms. It is difficult to praise too highly the soft richness of his flowers or the gorgeous hues of his draperies, and the exquisite taste with which they are all disposed with regard to each other and to the faces. Nevertheless it would be unfair and injudicious to deny that Rossetti's mere technical ability would appear raw and unequal, in spite of its good intention, if it could be seen apart from the glamour of his extraordinary gifts and his rare poetic fervour; were it used, for instance, to express the calm and dignified view which Mr. Legros takes of nature. To those who cannot forget his faults in his merits, one or two of his chalk drawings must have appeared most satisfactory. One, a study in red chalk for the "Blessed Damsel" (147*l.* 2*s.*), treats a lovely and perfectly

natural type of face with something of the broad, suave, and flowing grace of Raphael. The "Venus Verticordia" (130*l.* 4*s.*), also in red chalk, is perhaps more remarkable still, with its subdued suggestion of subtle colour and its sane and complete technique. The "Beata Beatrix," which has a well in the background, treated with something of Millet's feeling for landscape, brought the highest price of all—1,207*l.* 10*s.* Another which went off well (1,050*l.*) was "Dante at the Bier of Beatrice," a sort of replica of the one at Liverpool.

A singular chill fell upon one on re-entering the other rooms; it was as if one came out of a warm luxurious tropical palm-house into a cold, northern botanical garden. One left, as it were, an atmosphere of strange, enchanted glamour for one of mere correctness and ingenuity. Mr. Burne Jones's colour suffers from the contrast thus presented more, perhaps, than it deserves. He is admirable in his patterns in a grey mode, as in the water-colour "Cupid and Psyche" (315*l.*) and the six oil panels "The Days of Creation" (1,732*l.* 10*s.*). The delicate colour of this last work, though it is wonderfully varied for so short a range of grey, is beautifully harmonious near at hand; but much of its ingenious and complicated beauty is lost at a distance. As a decoration, it has no dominating aspect; and, as in all his work, the heads are tediously uniform in type and expression. He gives but a faint echo of the inspiration of Rossetti when he attempts a rich and resonant scheme of gaudy colour. Though he is not vulgar, he is not always harmonious; and he does not possess the earlier master's spontaneous sureness in striking the right quantities of powerful colours. In "Laus Veneria" (2,677*l.* 10*s.*), for instance, the opposition between the blue and orange is ineffective, owing to a false relation, either between the area of the masses or the intensity of the tints. Rossetti himself was hardly so complete all round that his work can be considered the culmination of a school; yet, though Mr. Jones has in some ways advanced upon him in technical sureness and perfection, we venture to think that in his absence of simplicity, as well as in the undue prominence he gives to decorative and literary aims, he has declined from his master's example in some points, and not reached it in others. The following are the more important of his pictures, with the prices which they fetched:—"Chant d'Amour," a broadly painted, earnest picture, of a mellow but rather melancholy colour, 3,150 guineas, the top figure of the sale (the original sketch, which has some graceful folds of drapery over the legs of the player, much more elegant than the isolated spots of light colour which the flesh makes in the larger work, brought in as much as 600*l.*); "The Feast of Peleus," 945*l.*; the sketch for "Venus's Mirror," 819*l.*; "Love Disguised as Reason," a water-colour, 735*l.*; "Green Summer," 525*l.*; and the cartoon for the "King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid," 766*l.* 10*s.* These pictures represent such an immense amount of labour that the prices, take it how we will—with the exception, perhaps, of the "Chant d'Amour"—can scarcely be considered extravagant.

"The Vale of Rest," Sir J. E. Millais's most interesting contribution to the school of the pre-Raphaelites, reached 3,000 guineas, the highest figure in the first day's sale. It is one of the most sincere efforts he has ever made to realize what he saw; and, in spite of hardness, and an unpleasant jarring between the citron light in the sky, the violet cloud, the blue slate roof, and the white caps of the nuns, it is a strong picture, full of a true and solemn sentiment. He was represented by two others—"Apple Blossoms," a most unequal picture (1,050*l.*), and "The Blind Girl" (871*l.* 10*s.*). Mr. Holman Hunt's replica of "The Light of the World" (787*l.* 10*s.*) is very far inferior to the larger picture, both in colour and design. His replica of "The Scapegoat" (525*l.*) is, even for so strange a painter, a curious vagary, and contains but few of his good points. It is an eccentricity *de chic*, and may be compared (to its detriment) with an eccentricity based on nature, a "Nocturne" (63*l.*), the only specimen of Mr. Whistler in the sale, and the very work produced in evidence against Mr. Ruskin in the historical trial for libel.

Of the late Frederick Walker there were five considerable examples. Of these the most important in every way is "The Bathers" (2,625*l.*). We cannot but regret that Sir Frederick Burton preferred "The Vagrants" (1,858*l.*), which is hot in tone and full of trivial detail, to this really noble and interesting work. On this occasion, probably for the first time in England, Walker fairly attacked the real appearance of the nude figure out of doors. His picture doubtless counted for much in the conversion of this country to that completer and more legitimately pictorial representation of nature which was going on in France side by side with our pre-Raphaelite movement. Both Walker and Rossetti, however, can have had but little sympathy with the sort of French art that was then popular in England, and of which the two Ary Scheffers, "Christ and the Maries" (173*l.* 5*s.*) and "The Temptation" (126*l.* 5*s.*), are fair examples.

#### MUSIC.

ANOTHER admirable violinist—very different, however, from Herr Joachim—made his first appearance at the Crystal Palace last Saturday. Pan Franz Ondricek played Mendelssohn's lovely and tenderly impassioned Concerto, a work neither so powerful and varied in its themes nor so novel and important in

its orchestral effects as the Beethoven Concerto of last Saturday, but which does not yield the palm in grace or in opportunities of emotional expression for the soloist. Herr Ondricek treated the opening theme of the *Allegro molto appassionato* with the active vigour appropriate to the sentiment of the melody; at times, indeed, his energy and the strident force of his tone almost verged upon coarseness. His tone was richer in the second *motif*, and his exquisite and tranquil, yet flowing, rendering of the lovely cantabile passages of the *Andante* showed his command of contrast and his wide range of variety in expression. After the more stirring and more noticeably instrumented contrasting passages, which were interpreted with commendable delicacy and reserve by the orchestra, the placid main theme of the movement was repeated still more movingly. The lively elegance of the quick *Finale* was attacked with ease and brilliance, tempered by a delicate softness, which the violinist admirably sustained through the whole movement. In spite of continual novelty and freshness, in spite of constant shades of change in its treatment, this *Finale* never wanders far from a general character of mingled tenderness and vivacity. Herr Ondricek's later solo was well chosen; was interesting not only on account of difficulties appropriate to his exceptional powers, but also because it was the well-known set of variations, called *Le Streghe*, written by Paganini on an air from a ballet by Süßmayer. This piece contains most of Paganini's wonderful *tours de force* in execution—long and involved quick passages of harmonics and frequent double-stopping, immense jumps, and difficult arpeggios. Many of the variations are more curious than beautiful. One of the strangest is that containing the pizzicato for the left hand. The next air is among the best; and here the player's tone, in the low chords, was forcible and full of fire, and contrasted well with the soft flights of high notes. Herr Ondricek is not quite so clear in rapid passages as Herr Jonchim, nor is he as broad and dignified in style; he is, however, rather more highly coloured and exciting, though his tone is by no means so thrilling and delicate as Sarasate's. He received quite an ovation at the Palace, and is evidently sure of a career in this country. Miss Robertson was also much applauded, especially in her first song, Paisiello's "Nel cor più," from *La Molinara*. The extremely difficult variations pleased the audience; and, as she avoided shakes, and has a tolerably flexible voice, a fresh high soprano, she contrived to make these gymnastics more agreeable than they usually are. It seems, however, almost impossible to render such music without occasionally reminding one of the peculiar utterance of a cuckoo-clock. In her second song, "Sing on, ye little birds" (Waley), containing some rather commonplace passages, she was ably accompanied by Mr. Wells on the flute. This obligato was written chiefly for the lower notes of the instrument, which are very mellow and agreeable. The flute used was of the old wooden kind, so much pleasanter in tone than the modern metallic tube. Mr. Ernest Birch, who has a good voice, gave a rather tame reading of "It is enough" (*Elijah*).

The orchestra was very much on its mettle; and, moreover, as the audience was but a scanty one, the room was particularly favourable to vibration, and the effect of the instrumental numbers was thus greatly enhanced. Cherubini's splendid overture to *Anacreon* began the concert. The successive crescendos, starting from soft staccato chords on the low strings and the wind, and rising to bursts of sound, orchestrated with an increasing interest each time, as well as the intervening diminuendos which sank gradually into mellow melodiousness, were all superbly rendered. Brahms's first Symphony, a noble work, though filled with a sort of uneasy melancholy, received a very fine interpretation; and the concert concluded with Mr. Mackenzie's rather monotonous *Scotch Rhapsody* in G.

The programme of the Richter (or Wagner) concerts is out. Eight of the twenty-seven numbers announced are by Beethoven. These are the *Mass* in D, the overtures to *Egmont* and *Leonora* (No. 3); the *Eroica*, *Fifth*, *Pastoral*, *Seventh*, and *Choral Symphonies*. But we are promised an equal number from Wagner—the second act of *Tristan and Isolde*, most of the third act of *Siegfried*, the final chorus in *Die Meistersinger*, the *Trauermarsch*, the *Walkürenritt*, the *Siegfried Idyll*, and the overtures to *Tannhäuser* and *Die Meistersinger*. The choice is by no means a bad one; but it is surely too large compared with the selection from other musicians.

Beethoven is the king of symphony, and Wagner is a writer of opera; yet they are nearly equally represented in a series of instrumental concerts. Moreover, there are others in the operatic line of business whose works, though some might think them inferior, would at least be more of a novelty to the present generation than these extracts from Wagner. We are tired of hearing that, in the opinion of religious Wagnerites, Gluck alone can be mentioned in the same breath with the modern master. By all means then let us have some of him, even if we cannot expect a taste of such minor dramatists as Spontini, or such old-world symphonists as Haydn, Handel, and Mozart. We may be glad that we are to have something which is new to the Richter concerts in Berlioz's overture, *Les Francs Juges* (Op. 1), and part of the *Romeo and Juliet* Symphony, a far maturer work. There are three Liszts:—the *Peter Carnival*, a *Rhapsody*, and three songs. Then there is one Mendelssohn, *Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage*; a Schumann, the overture to *Genoëva*; that to *Anacreon* by Cherubini, Brahms's last Symphony; one by Eugène d'Albert which we could easily spare; and, lastly, Mr. Villiers Stanford's choruses and incidental music to *The Eumenides*.

## REVIEWS.

## THE NEW ASTRONOMY.\*

A GOOD deal of satisfaction may be derived from a study of the book before us by any one who has been accustomed to consider books of its kind. It is professedly a popular work, and fifty years ago its place was filled by books like Nichol's *Architecture of the Heavens*, where the meagre, and not too scrupulously accurate, information conveyed was regarded not so much as the kernel for which every reader would search, as a pill which needed to be gilded with much flaunting rhetoric. Here, however, the author shows throughout that she understands the salutary truth she states in her preface that "the story to be told leaves the marvels of imagination far behind, and requires no embellishment from literary art or high-flown phrases."

There are three fundamental questions that may be asked about sun, moon, planets, and stars:—"What are they?" "How do they really move so as to produce the complicated apparent movements we observe?" and "Why do they move as they do?" The answer to each of these questions constitutes one of the three branches into which the science of astronomy is divided. The answer to the second constitutes what Miss Clerke calls "observational," or "practical," astronomy; but what Dr. Whewell more felicitously, as we think, named "formal" astronomy. The third question follows naturally upon the answer to the first, and the answer to it constitutes what Kepler first, and most writers since his time, have called "physical" astronomy; but to which Miss Clerke gives the awkward title of "gravitational," or the still more unsatisfactory name of "theoretical" astronomy, reserving the name "physical" for the answer to the first question. The question "What are the heavenly bodies?" is the one which would naturally occur first to the student of astronomy; but we have humbly to take our answer in the time the progress of science will give it us; and, though asked by Thales, and by many since his time, the question remained, as every child knows, unanswered in the days of Dr. Watts; and it is only within the last quarter of a century, with the acquisition of the new method of spectrum analysis, that a kind of answer has been obtained. So far as it has been given it constitutes the "new astronomy," and forms the subject of the book before us.

It is characteristic of these latter days that the only book that professes to give a connected view of the new astronomy should be written on an historical plan. As stated in the preface, "there are many reasons for preferring a history to a formal treatise on astronomy. In a treatise what we know is set forth. A history tells us, in addition, *how* we come to know it"; and throughout the writer shows that she understands her own statement, that "the advance of knowledge may be called a vital process." The biographical notices that are scattered through the book are extremely interesting, and are so given as to knit the story into an harmonious whole. The foundation of the new astronomy was laid by Sir W. Herschel in his wonderful mass of observations, which seem almost to have exhausted the possibilities of all the methods of investigation that were known before these days of photography and spectrum analysis; and the first part of this book deals with his labours and those of subsequent workers on the same lines. Before the time of Herschel the stars were regarded "mainly as a number of convenient fixed points, by which the motions of the various members of the solar system could be determined and compared"; and when the last quarter of the eighteenth century began, the whole of sidereal science accumulated in the three-and-twenty centuries during which men had been studying the heavens from Europe could be summed up in the "three items of information that the stars have motions, real or apparent; that they are immeasurably remote; and that a few shine with a periodically variable light." There were, indeed, guesses at the constitution of the heavens hazarded before this time. Wright, of Durham, had thrown out the "grindstone theory." Kant had supposed the nebulae to be "island universes," outside the vast limits of the Milky Way. Lambert had suggested a more systematic view of Kant's theory. Tobias Meyer had pointed the road to an investigation of the possible proper motion of the sun, with all his planets, through the universe of stars. But this investigation, like so many others in sidereal science, was first actually made by Sir William Herschel, who showed that the sun is approaching the constellation of Hercules. Galileo had suggested the "double star method" for ascertaining stellar parallax; but in 1767 Mitchell proved by the doctrine of probabilities that there were too many double stars for their connexion to be merely optical. But it was Herschel who, by a vast series of observations, of extraordinary minuteness and accuracy, first showed that the double stars were binary systems, "intimately held together by mutual attraction." Herschel's greatest work, however, had to do with the form and dimensions of the stellar universe. His method of star-gauging and its result, based on the assumption of the general equality of star-distribution, first appeared in the *Philosophical Transactions* in 1785, but was definitely rejected by him in 1811; yet, with the pestilent inaccuracy which has been the bane of popular works on science, this mistaken theory has survived to our own day. It is to be hoped that the explanation of Herschel's actual views, stated in this book, will give the holding turn to the efforts of Mr. Proctor in the same direction,

\* *A Popular History of Astronomy during the Nineteenth Century.* By Agnes M. Clerke. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black.



and that we shall hear no more of the method of star-gauging and its supposed discoveries. Herschel's second method, founded on the assumption of the equal brightness of the stars, was put forward in 1817; but the assumption we now know, from sources which were not open to him, was altogether wrong, and its results are no more to be depended upon than those of star-gauging. Herschel was also the first to observe systematically the nebulae, which at the outset of his labours he regarded as whole sidereal systems. But the phenomena of nebulous stars led him to admit that some of them might consist of a widely diffused "shining fluid," and to suppose that out of it the stars may have been condensed. This, and the progressive clustering, under their mutual attractions, of stars already formed, which would break up their existing distributions, presented to him, and through him to the scientific world, a view of the universe as different from the notion of uneven, but stationary star-distribution, which had been universally accepted since the time of Galileo, as that notion was from the ancient idea of a celestial sphere. The idea began to dawn that the stars were individually forming and growing as time went on, and that, by the progressive changes in their relative positions, the whole material universe was undergoing a process of evolution.

Of all those who followed Herschel in the same line, the greatest was Bessel. It was he who first brought into use a uniform method of reduction of observations, and he and his pupil Argelander published the first great star-catalogues and maps. He is also memorable as being the first to find a stellar parallax. He chose as the indication of proximity to the solar system, not brightness, but rapidity of apparent proper motion; and thus, with the help of the Königsberg heliometer, constructed by Fraunhofer, was led to examine 61 Cygni, for which he determined a parallax of  $\frac{1}{3}''$ , afterwards increased by Struve to  $\frac{1}{2}''$ . Since then indications of parallax have been found in a few other stars, and the result shows the baselessness of Sir William Herschel's assumption of equal brightness, some stars of the ninth magnitude being found to be nearer than most of the first. Other astronomers made speculations, interesting, but somewhat barren, into the cause and nature of the proper motions of the stars. The younger Herschel pointed out that, if the mutual gravitation of the stars be the cause, they ought to move slowest near their common centre of gravity; and Mädler, from the identical apparent proper motion of the stars of the Pleiades, maintained that the centre of gravity of the visible universe lay among them. Struve became a "specialist in double stars," greatly adding to Sir William Herschel's investigations in that line; and showed that it is probable that the single do not outnumber the conjoined stars more than twice or thrice. And Sir John Herschel completed in the Southern Hemisphere the survey of the whole sky which his father had begun in the Northern. The labours of these successors of Sir William Herschel were stupendous, but the result in adding to our theoretical knowledge was but small. Their object was rather to describe exactly the apparent state of the heavens in their day, that those who came after them might determine more accurately the changes that take place among the stars, and so form a solid foundation in observed facts for the ultimate construction of a physical theory of the universe.

Passing over a chapter on observations and theories of the sun, for the most part erroneous, because lacking the assistance of spectrum analysis, and an account of the discoveries of asteroids, planets, and satellites made during the present century, we come to an extremely interesting chapter on comets. A very cursory glance at recorded comets shows that they may be divided into two clearly-marked classes. The one consists of those of short period, whose orbits are of comparatively small eccentricity, whose planes approximate to that of the planets, whose aphelia are near the orbits of Jupiter or Saturn, which revolve without exception in the same direction as the planets, which are generally invisible to the unassisted eye, and which possess but small tail-producing power. The other class consists of the "great" comets; of long period or only temporary visitants to the solar system, whose planes and direction of revolution bear no relation to those of the planets, and which develop long tails. Not much could be ascertained about comets before the rise of spectrum analysis; but the acceleration of Encke's comet, and also apparently of Winnecke's, pointed to the existence of a resisting medium, which, however, the progressive diminution of the acceleration of Encke's comet renders uncertain, and the total absence of retardation in some comets that have approached more closely to the sun seems to refute. The visibility of stars as small as the sixteenth magnitude through the nuclei, and the free passage of the earth through the tails, of comets point to their discontinuous structure or extreme tenuity, and the division of Biela's comet proves their liability to disintegration. Olbers divided comets into three classes—those which develop no tails, and apparently possess no nucleus; those which throw out no emanation towards the sun; and those which first throw out towards the sun an emanation, which is then bent back into a tail; and he anticipated the recent theory of Bredichin as to the form of the tail depending on the sort of matter of which it is composed.

The first part of the book closes with a chapter on the "instrumental advances" made during the first half of the present century. But it is the second part, dealing mainly with the revelations of spectrum analysis, that will be read with greatest interest. By spectrum analysis the whole aspect of astronomical science has been changed. It has been (in a certain sense) brought down to earth, and celestial phenomena can now be experimented upon in the laboratory. A step towards this change was taken when Newton

showed that it was the same force that made the apple fall that held the moon in her orbit; and a still further step was taken when Sabine showed that magnetic storms follow the same periodicity that Schwabe had accidentally discovered in the occurrence of sun-spots, and when the aurora borealis was proved to go through the same period; but by spectrum analysis a chemistry of the heavens has been founded.

It is in our knowledge of the sun that the greatest progress has been made by this means. The zodiacal light had been discovered without the aid of an eclipse; the corona was noticed by the ancients during total eclipses; "Baily's Beads" had expanded into what was afterwards called the chromosphere before the days of spectrum analysis. But it was the total eclipse of 1860—to which photography was first applied—that finally proved the chromosphere to be a solar appendage. In the eclipse of 1868 the spectroscopic was first used; and by it the prominences of the chromosphere were proved to consist of glowing gas, mainly hydrogen; Campbell observed the light of the corona to be polarized, and hence inferred that it consists largely of reflected light. This eclipse is, however, chiefly memorable as the one which taught astronomers to do without eclipses, since it was the occasion of the invention of Janssen's and Lockyer's method of observing the prominences in ordinary sunshine with the "open slit." The eclipse of 1869 produced the discovery in the corona of the unknown substance whose spectrum contains the line "1474" on Kirchhoff's scale; and that of 1870 was the occasion of Young's discovery of the "reversing layer." During the eclipse of 1871 Janssen detected the dark Fraunhofer lines in the spectrum of the corona, thus confirming Campbell's conclusion, in 1868, that it shines by reflected sunlight; hydrogen was found to extend far into the corona; and the spectra of the rifts in the corona showed that its physical structure is independent of the form of the streamers. Observations made during the eclipses of 1878 and 1882 suggest that the form of the corona varies according to the condition of spot prevalence on the sun, and thus follows the eleven-year period; at times of spot maximum the corona seems to be small, and four petal-like protuberances are set round it at angles of 45 degrees to the sun's equator; at times of spot minimum long equatorial streamers are observable and short fan-like protuberances issue from the poles; also at periods of spot maximum the chief part of the coronal light is emitted, and at periods of spot minimum it is reflected. We are inclined to think, however, that Miss Clerke rather overrates the certainty of these results, and gives too little weight to Cleveland Abbe's theory that the coronal streamers are after all nothing but streams of meteors in perihelion. The application of Janssen's and Lockyer's method has resulted in the discovery of the unknown substance, helium, in the prominences, and that other substances are continually being cast up into the hydrogen of the chromosphere from lower strata of the sun.

The facts so far ascertained seem to show that the sun consists of a mass of gas held together by the gravitation of its parts; that in the neighbourhood of the photosphere the relation of temperature to pressure is such that the denser gases condense in minute droplets which form clouds, and thus shine with the bright continuous light of an incandescent liquid. The spots must be gaps in these photospheric clouds; how these gaps are formed is still a matter of doubt; it seems, on the whole, most probable that they are due to explosions from below, but if so, the cause of the explosions is not very clear. A rotatory motion in the spots, observed long ago by Dawes, suggests a vortex action, but the cause of this again is quite unknown; and not even a trace of an explanation has been obtained of the more rapid rotation of the sun in his equatorial regions, discovered by Carrington. But the gaseous theory of the sun explains fully the cause of the maintenance of his heat. A deduction from the laws of gases, simple enough in itself—but which, we believe, was first pointed out by Homer Lane in 1870, and which is not noticed by Miss Clerke—shows that in a mass of gas held together solely by the gravitation of its parts, the contraction consequent upon radiation of heat would generate more heat than is lost to produce the contraction; and thus the sun, until he becomes a liquid, will grow hotter by cooling. The amount of contraction required to produce the estimated radiation of solar heat would be so small, that our best instruments would barely detect a diminution in his diameter during the three-and-twenty centuries of the history of astronomical science in Europe.

Of the contradictory evidence as to solar temperature, and of the determination of the sun's distance, we have no space to treat here. A history of the discoveries relating to planets and satellites follows, and leads up to a chapter on "Theories of Planetary Evolution," which is, to our mind, the most disappointing in the book. No doubt the modern form of Laplace's nebular hypothesis does not rest on evidence as exact, nor is it supported by reasoning as rigorous as most accepted astronomical theories; and it may be that an excessive desire for accuracy—a good fault in a popular book—has prevented as much consideration being given to it as it deserves. It is, indeed, stated that, "if we speculate at all on the development of the planetary system, our speculations are driven into conformity with the broad lines of the nebular hypothesis"; but we think it would have been better if it had been shown how this comes about, and if the limits of certainty had been defined.

Perhaps the most striking addition to astronomical knowledge made in late years is to be found in the little light that has been thrown upon the mystery of comets. Olbers suggested in 1812

that the tails of comets consist of particles subject to a force of electrical repulsion from the sun. Zöllner pointed out that, if the matter of the comet be electrified in the same sense as the sun, then, since the electrical repulsion varies as the surface and the gravitational attraction as the mass, the large masses of which he supposed the nucleus of the comet to be composed might be held in an elliptic or parabolic orbit, while the small particles in it might be acted upon by a repulsion stronger than the attraction of gravity, and thus be driven away from the sun to form tails, whose straightness would depend on the heliofugal velocity of their particles; and Zöllner proved that the electrification required was not extraordinarily great. Bredichin took up this theory, and computed the value of the repulsive acceleration needed to produce the tails of the most accurately recorded comets. He found that the numbers representing them fell into three well-defined classes, one of which corresponded to the long straight tails such as that of Halley's comet, where the net repulsive acceleration was twelve times the attraction; another in which the net repulsive acceleration was less accurately defined, but was on the average about equal to the attraction, and produced curved tails such as that of Coggia's comet; and the third, in which the repulsive acceleration is much smaller and produces short, brush-like tails. One and the same comet often possesses tails belonging to more than one of these classes. Bredichin argued that each sort of tail was composed of a different sort of matter, and pointed out that the atomic weights of hydrogen, hydrocarbons, and iron were respectively inversely proportional to the three accelerations; and hence, if the particles of all the sorts of matter were equally electrified, the tails would be produced as observed. Bredichin's numbers have been found to hold good in all the comets which have appeared since they were first pointed out, and the spectroscopic has supported his theory of the three sorts of matter, so far as it has been possible to interrogate the comets by its means.

The study of stars and nebulae by the spectroscopic has taught us that the universe is, for the most part, composed of the same sort of stuff as the earth; that many of the nebulae are of a gaseous nature, and invariably contain nitrogen; and that the light of variable stars varies in kind as well as in degree. Stars may be divided by their spectra into four distinct classes, and the evidence drawn from an examination of these disproves altogether Zöllner's suggestion that the red stars are in a state of decay. By the application of Dr. Huggins's method of observing the rate of motion of stars in the line of sight, it has been already discovered that Sirius has changed his direction of motion within the last few years; and careful records are being laid up of the proper motions of the stars, that must some day lead to a clearer knowledge of the drift of the stellar universe. The book closes with an interesting account of modern "methods of research."

Although we have been able to recognize the scrupulous accuracy of the author in her statements of facts, she is not absolutely consistent, at least in her nomenclature, when dealing with dynamics. The obsolete and meaningless phrase "vis viva" is used at p. 265; the old blundering expression "centrifugal force" turns up at p. 349; "force" is spoken of when apparently nothing more than velocity is intended at p. 439; the vague expression "power" is used when force is meant at p. 387; "motion" is used instead of "energy" at p. 350; and, strangest of all, the word energy only appears at p. 386, where acceleration is meant. It may also be at least questioned whether the author is right in using the word "ignition" to denote incandescence; it is generally exclusively used of combustion, which it certainly includes, and therefore is reprehensibly vague, if not positively wrong. These blemishes, however, only affect a small portion of the book, and only affect it at all because they are blemishes in the sense of not according with the latest scientific notions.

One peculiarity of the new astronomy is that it requires little or no mathematical training in its students, and is therefore accessible to the "ordinary read r." To this class the book ought to be welcome. But the great number of its references—which, so far as we have been able to verify them, are strictly accurate—ought to render it a work of real value to the more serious student, as an index to the vast and confusing mass of original papers in which the new astronomy has hitherto lain buried.

#### MR. CHARLES DICKENS.\*

THIS book is honestly what it pretends to be, and nothing more. It is a comprehensive catalogue of all the writings of Mr. Charles Dickens, and of a good quantity of books written about him. It also contains copious extracts from reviews of his works and from sermons on his character.

The criticisms are so various, and some of them are so much at variance with others, that the reader of them can complain of nothing less than a lack of material on which to form his judgment, if he has not formed it already, on the claim of Mr. Dickens to occupy a front place in the rank of English classics. Assertions, if not arguments, are multiplied on either side.

Lord Jeffrey was of opinion that the *Christmas Carol* did more good than could be "traced to all the pulpits and confessionals in Christendom." The "lion-hearted Landor" wept profusely over

the death of Little Nell, which seemed to him a masterpiece of pathos and beauty. Thackeray's pure and chastened taste cannot be questioned. Yet the author of the *Prize Novels* cried, out of the depth of his heart, "Read that chapter describing young Paul's death; it is unsurpassed; it is stupendous. There's no writing against such power as this; one has no chance!" It was, we know, a real pleasure to Thackeray, with his generous and magnanimous heart, to extol and glorify his rivals in the race for fame; but he

Never writ a flattery,  
Nor signed the page that chronicled a lie;

and if here, as elsewhere, his laudation is somewhat hyperbolic, it is, no doubt, based on honest admiration.

In the teeth of such opinions, uttered by such men, less adulatory critics may well have misgivings that it is the stoniness of their own hearts or the bluntness of their own perceptions rather than any supernal subtlety of judgment which makes them echo the words of one of our greatest critics and poets when he writes:—"The story of *little Nell*, in spite of its elaborate accumulation of pathetic incident and interest so tenderly and studiously built up, has never given us one passing thrill, one 'sweet possessive pang' of tender delight and pity."

We have known persons whose sensibilities were as quick as their literary judgment was sound who would find it easier to weep over the death of Sterne's donkey than over the death of Paul Dombey; persons whose tears come all too readily when they read of my Uncle Toby by the bedside of Lefevre; of Amelia Osborne vexing Heaven with her prayers for her husband, who was "lying on his face dead with a bullet through his heart"; of "Codd Colonel" nursed by the grand old French lady at Greyfriars. Persons are to be found to whom the pathos of Mr. Dickens never opens the *fons lachrymarum*, who listen with almost scornful indifference to the music which to some ears sounds like the music of Heaven. Then, again, there are folks who revel in the glorious exuberance of Mr. Dickens's fun, who believe that he is beyond all question the greatest comic writer that ever lived, but from whom cannot be extorted the confession that the man was a humourist.

There are others who say that not one of Mr. Dickens's characters, with the exception perhaps up to a certain point of Mrs. Nickleby, is the least like any "persons whom they have met." Sam Weller will convulse the English-speaking races for generations to come; generous boys will go on wishing to shake hands with Mark Tapley and envying the sour-tempered old gentleman who thrashed Mr. Pecksniff, but in their walk through life they will never see persons in the least resembling their favourites or their pet aversions. Mr. Dickens's melodramatic ladies and gentlemen are even more palpable puppets. Rosa Dartle, Mr. Carver, and Annie Strong are far less like men and women than the elligies in Mrs. Jarley's waxwork show.

Some of the adulators of Mr. Dickens praise him with a lavishness of folly which puts them out of court when impartial justice is sought for. That writer has equally uncandid enemies who are so exasperated by his sins against common sense and nature and good taste that they refuse to acknowledge his undoubted genius and his multitudinous merits.

We will not attempt to hold evenly the scales. We think that we can hardly more fairly show the scope and intention of Mr. Kitton's honourable and impartial compilation than by presenting our readers in parallel columns with a few of the wise and foolish things written of Mr. Dickens and his works by various wise and foolish persons:—

The *North British Review* in 1845 wrote:—"The good characters in his novels do not seem to have a wholesome moral tendency. Their excellence flows from constitution and temperament. They act from impulse. . . . They often degenerate into simpatons; often into mere idiots."

In *Blackwood's Magazine* for April 1885 we read:—"Mr. Dickens more distinctly perhaps than any other author of the time is a class writer."

And again:—"This man must do something better than indifferent and doubtful pieces of philanthropy and reformation before he can hope to establish for himself—the man as separate from the writer—a sound reputation."

The late Lord Chief Justice Denman wrote for private circulation a pamphlet, not quoted we believe by Mr. Kitton, in which he held up to ridicule Mr. Dickens's chivalrous delight in slaying dead giants, such as the already defunct abuses of the Court of Chancery, &c.

The *Spectator* said in 1877:—"He had as little real dramatic insight as command of those strange rushes of human feeling which defy the presentiment of the world, and

Mr. Alfred Austin announces to us *ex cathedra* that Charles Dickens is as unquestionably ("unquestionably," mark you!) above all other English novelists as Shakespeare is above all other English dramatists.

Mr. Sala thinks that he will March (with a big M).

Some one else tells us that that eminent critic the man recently found in the roof of a schoolhouse, where for five years he had subsisted on pilfered food, had "for furniture a dark lantern, the Bible, and *Nicholas Nickleby*."

Mr. Stackpole E. O'Dell writes of Mr. Dickens's "bubbling-up pleasures and delights." When Mr. O'Dell "hears classic priests and white-robed choir, the marrow in his bones runs up and down like the quicksilver in a barometer, and his brain-cells have cracked and burst till he thought he was all brain"; but "classic priests and white-robed choir" come far short of the beneficial effect (*sic*) which Dickens's *Christmas Carol* has upon his mind, &c.

The late Bishop Fraser, who said some strange things in his time, told his people that Mr. Dickens would have been welcomed as a fellow-labourer by Him who asked, "If a man love not his brother

\* *Dickensiana: a Bibliography of the Literature relating to Charles Dickens and his Writings.* Compiled by Fred. G. Kitton, Author of "John Leech, Artist and Humourist," &c. London: George Redway.



therefore the secret of true poetic pathos, which depends on holding the key to these strange ebbs and flows of human feeling" (what a metaphor!) "was denied him."

Mr. Taine writes:—"The imagination of Dickens is like that of monomaniacs. To plunge oneself into an idea, to be absorbed by it, to see nothing else, to repeat it under a hundred forms, to enlarge it, to carry it thus enlarged to the eye of the spectator, to dazzle and overwhelm him with it, to stamp it upon him so tenacious and impressive that he can never again tear it from his memory. These are the great features of his imagination and style."

Mr. Thomas Powell, an American author, writes that he is "good-tempered, vain, and fickle," and that "the impression on the mind of those who have known him longest is that he is deficient in all those striking qualities of the heart which sanctify the memory of man."

Another American author pronounces him "a cold, distant, showy man who talked loud in society, and who never could dress like a gentleman."

Mr. Stott, in the *Contemporary Review* of February 1869, writes:—"We can think of no writer of mark who shows a more uninstructed mind or on whose judgment on any question involving mastery of fact or breadth of view or critical acumen we should set less store."

In a letter to Mr. Kitten from a Yorkshire friend we read:—"My impression is that Yorkshire schools were bad, but not so bad as Dickens makes out, and Shaw's [Mr. Shaw was the original of Mr. Squeers] much better than most of them. There is a strong feeling of indignation here against Dickens, who, no doubt, ruined poor Shaw."

Writing of Mr. Dickens in 1879, the New York *Nation* remarks:—"How entirely possible it is for a writer of remarkable genius, high spirits, and humour to be at the same time a rather coarse-fibred and conventional kind of man, from acute interest in whom all but his friends may be dispensed. It would be hard to find a more striking example of the conscious man; all that he seems to have been conscious of was his own self-consciousness and the esteem in which a betrayer of self-consciousness is held by certain fastidious persons."

The *Eclectic Review*, so far back as 1837, finds fault with Mr. Dickens's frequent uses of those hackneyed, threadbare, and silly phrases—"organs of vision, for eyes; auricular organs, for ears, &c. &c."

In a criticism on *Bleak House* the *United States Democratic Review* says:—"Bulwer and Dickens will pass away with the manners they describe, because their standard of excellence is low, their styles diffuse, vulgar, and cockneyified."

#### THE SECOND PUNIC WAR.\*

THE attraction of piety is by no means the only or the chief attraction about this reprint of a fragment of the late Dr. Arnold's fragmentary history of Rome by his grandson. It is possible that Mr. W. T. Arnold may have a little exaggerated the intrinsic value of the historical work of the famous sometime Head-Master of Rugby. Although he possessed no mean qualifications for history-writing, Dr. Arnold was somewhat lacking in the independence and critical attitude of the greatest historians. In his treatment of the earlier Roman history he was far too much contented to sit at Niebuhr's feet, and to interpret him to an English audience. In his treatment of the later he ran away with the stock "Liberal" idea of his day—that the Roman aristocracy was a domineering and unjust patrician clique—and let himself accompany that idea to the point of representing Flaminius and Varro

as deeply wronged heroes. Now it is certain that, whatever hypothesis we adopt as to the much-discussed battle of "reedy Thrasymene," the Roman commander behaved in a fashion which, if intoxication had been a Roman vice at the time, would very strongly suggest it; while, despite the undoubted fortitude and propriety of Varro's conduct after Cannæ (we really do not know where Dr. Arnold got the idea that he personally prevented the threatened secession of Metellus and the other would-be deserters), his tactics on the fatal day showed the blindest absence of military capacity. Still we cannot say that any native English handling of Roman history is to be preferred to Dr. Arnold's. There are few things stranger than the fact that the language which possesses three masterpieces in Greek history (for, with all its prejudice and inaccuracy, Mitford's is a masterpiece) should have absolutely nothing to show in the way of a complete history of Rome combining literary and scholarly value. We are not quite prepared to say that Arnold's, if it had been completed, would have filled the gap. But it would have gone near to doing so, and would, at any rate, have wiped off the reproach under which England has lain for a generation—that Englishmen have to depend for a knowledge of the most constitutionally instructive of all histories, except their own, in part, if not entirely, on questionable translations of foreign work.

The editor of *Tit Bits* and Mr. Samuel Carter Hall speak with enthusiastic admiration of all that Mr. Dickens has said and written. The ribald buffoon who called himself Lord Chief Baron Nicholson wrote a laudatory poem on Mr. Dickens, and Dean Stanley preached that the author of "Pickwick" was "the special teacher of profound Christian and Evangelical Truth."

Mr. R. H. Horne maintains that in Mr. Dickens's delineation of character the element of caricature never enters.

Mr. Whipple thinks that "in the representation of love Mr. Dickens is masterly, only exhibiting its affectionate side, and that in this, no contemporary, English or French, approaches him."

Mr. Davey "blesses him for the tears he has evoked."

Mr. Walter Bagehot thinks that it was to Mr. Dickens's advantage that he was sent to no University; "for the walls of a college would have taught him nothing about Mrs. Gamp; and Sam Weller took no degree."

Mr. J. J. B. Workard writes:—"His homely characters our great Charles Dickens. Into real living household inmates quickens, Subtle as snakes or innocent as chickens."

Mr. Percy Fitzgerald commends Mr. Dickens's literary acumen in discovering "the clumsy shifts and inartistic treatment of his machinery" by Sir Walter Scott in *The Bride of Lammermoor*; and Mr. Fitzgerald is himself of opinion that "much of the *Waverley Novels* would fall under the slang definition of padding."

Mr. Edmund Yates delights in the autocracy of Mr. Dickens. He tells us that "the society in which he mixed, the hours which he kept, the opinions which he held, his likes and dislikes, his ideas of what should or should not be, were all settled by himself, not merely for himself, but for all those brought into connection with him; and it was never imagined they should be called in question."

But the bouquet of absurdity we keep for the last:—Mr. Matthew Browne makes a critical comparison between *Pickwick* and *Faust*, and considers that "the part played by Pickwick in the prose work is in the poem played by Gretchen."

as deeply wronged heroes. Now it is certain that, whatever hypothesis we adopt as to the much-discussed battle of "reedy Thrasymene," the Roman commander behaved in a fashion which, if intoxication had been a Roman vice at the time, would very strongly suggest it; while, despite the undoubted fortitude and propriety of Varro's conduct after Cannæ (we really do not know where Dr. Arnold got the idea that he personally prevented the threatened secession of Metellus and the other would-be deserters), his tactics on the fatal day showed the blindest absence of military capacity. Still we cannot say that any native English handling of Roman history is to be preferred to Dr. Arnold's. There are few things stranger than the fact that the language which possesses three masterpieces in Greek history (for, with all its prejudice and inaccuracy, Mitford's is a masterpiece) should have absolutely nothing to show in the way of a complete history of Rome combining literary and scholarly value. We are not quite prepared to say that Arnold's, if it had been completed, would have filled the gap. But it would have gone near to doing so, and would, at any rate, have wiped off the reproach under which England has lain for a generation—that Englishmen have to depend for a knowledge of the most constitutionally instructive of all histories, except their own, in part, if not entirely, on questionable translations of foreign work.

Dr. Arnold's *Second Punic War* was not left complete even as a section, and it had not received in any part its author's final revision. The successive care of Archdeacon Hare and Mr. Arnold has perhaps not quite eradicated the errors and the gaps due to this cause. But what may be called the Hannibalic period from the invasion to the battle of the Metaurus, with the triumphant campaigns of Scipio in Spain, find themselves adequately represented, and hardly require the addition of the scanty and melancholy record of Hannibal's guerilla in Bruttium and of the *coup de grâce* at Zama. As far as it goes the story is well and spiritedly told, the rhetorical passages being not too numerous or florid, but serving to distinguish the work at once from the merely dryadist chronicle, and from the productions of the modern picturesque school, with their endless writing about it and about it, and their plastering of ornament. It is, as has been hinted, not free from prejudice, but it is the kind of prejudice which can hardly do much harm even to a moderately intelligent schoolboy. That personage is by no means so destitute of shrewdness as some persons who have had little to do with him since their own school days seem to believe, and if he finds a writer anxious to persuade him that when he hears that Marcellus was a good general he must remember what wicked aristocratic liars the panegyrist of Marcellus were, and that when he hears that Flaminius was a bad general he must remember what wicked aristocratic liars the decriers of Flaminius were, he is likely to draw his own conclusions. On the other hand, Dr. Arnold was never deliberately or sophistically unfair, and could not possibly have brought himself to indulge in the elaborate and mischievous special pleading wherewith Grote strove to whitewash the ruffian of Athenian demagoguery.

There is, therefore, little drawback to the use of his book as a text-book of almost unique value for the study of a definite and interesting chapter on ancient history, which has the advantage of being presented by two ancient writers of the first importance in Latin and Greek. It is for use of this kind, we suppose, that Mr. Arnold has in the main prepared it, and he has expended on his notes the results of a vast amount of study of the abundant recent Continental handlings of the period. It is, again, humiliating to think that, out of a list of something like four pages enumerating the monographs written during the last forty years, not five per cent. are English, while of these scarcely one is of the first rank, except Mr. Freshfield's handling of the question of Hannibal's passage of the Alps. This, however, is itself owing to the very fault which such books as this are best qualified to remove—the absence of any inducement in England even for University men, much more for schoolboys, to study thoroughly single subjects. Some improvement, no doubt, has been made in these respects of late years. But it is not a century or a quarter of a century since an undergraduate—let us say of Oxbridge—who was discovered by an older and wiser man engaged in elaborating for his own satisfaction a theory as to the geographical wanderings of Io in the *Prometheus*, was pathetically expostulated with for wasting his time on something that could by no means pay. We may repeat the hope that things have improved. If they have, Mr. Arnold's book ought to be valuable in itself and an example to others. Read with Polybius and Livy under proper guidance, it would give one of the best exercises in combined history and literature that a sixth-form boy could have, while by itself it is good pasture for the ordinary English reader who is old-fashioned enough not to wish to be delivered from the Greeks and the Romans. Let us add that it is abundantly furnished with particularly good maps.

#### THE LAIRD OF LAG.\*

MORE than forty years ago, in a review of Stanley's *Life of Dr. Arnold* in the *Quarterly*, written, it is believed, by a contemporary of the late Dean, now a Dean himself, it was said of Dr. Arnold that "a black cloud was on his brow as marked as the Horseshoe frown of Redgauntlet, when he spoke of Tiberius,

\* *The Second Punic War*. By Thomas Arnold. Edited by W. T. Arnold. London: Macmillan & Co. 1836.

\* *The Laird of Lag: a Life Sketch*. By Alexander Fergusson, Lieutenant-Colonel, Author of "Henry Erskine and his Kinsfolk," "Mrs. Calderwood's Letters," &c. Edinburgh: David Douglas, 1836.

or Augustus, or Napoleon"; and Dean Stanley had written in the *Life* that, in the dead pause which followed after such an expression of his feelings, you might have thought that the crimes had been committed in his presence. There are several men living who can well remember the Doctor's awful frown, and, we may add, his intense appreciation of all the Scotch novels—an appreciation which this volume shows is shared by Mr. Leslie Stephen and Mr. Ruskin. Colonel Fergusson, well known for his intimate familiarity with the social life of Scotland in the last century, has now undertaken to sketch the pedigree, life, and times of Sir Robert Grierson of Lag, who is believed to have been the original of Redgauntlet or of Herries of Birrenswark. But, curiously enough, the member of the family from whom Scott took his materials is not Colonel Fergusson's Sir Robert, the first baronet, the persecutor of Covenanters and the follower of Claverhouse, but another with the same name, who enjoyed the baronetcy from 1766 to 1839, was intimate with Scott, whom he outlived, and was believed to have attained the age of 102 or 105 years. In his signature and in some characteristics, and especially in an occasional fit of passion that brought out the horseshoe on his forehead and made him a very terror to his household, this gentleman seems to have resembled his notorious ancestor. Colonel Fergusson perhaps presumes a little too much on a complete acquaintance on the part of his readers with the origin of the celebrated frown. He explains nothing, and takes for granted that every one remembers all about it, and how, in Scott's language, the "furrows of the brow above the eyes became livid and almost black, and were bent into a semicircular, or rather elliptical, form above the junction of the eyebrows." Some readers may have forgotten the legend as told by Herries of Birrenswark in the novel to Darsie Latimer. In the contest between Bruce and Baliol for the Crown of Scotland the Redgauntlets, father and son, took different sides owing to family quarrels. The father Alberick, who took the side of Bruce, attacked Baliol as he was feasting in the Castle of Annan, routed, pursued, and came up with him in a narrow pass. When he was within two lances' length of the usurper a youth threw himself between the pursuer and his victim, and was unhorsed and overthrown. "The helmet," Scott goes on to say, "rolled from his head, and the beams of the sun then rising over the Solway showed Redgauntlet the features of his disobedient son, in the livery and wearing the cognizance of the usurper." Alberick, not thinking of his offspring, made a dash at Baliol; but his horse, in a leap, struck the youth on the forehead with his hind hoof and killed him. On his return home Alberick's wife was confined prematurely, and brought forth a child whose innocent brow bore the distinct mark of a horseshoe. Struck with remorse, Sir Alberick made a pilgrimage first to the shrine of St. Ninian at Whitehern or Whithorn, and then to Rome or Jerusalem; and thirteen years afterwards a knight with a horseshoe for his crest and distinguished for his reckless valour, died in the great battle of Durham, fought between David Bruce and Queen Philippa of England. This was the unhappy father, and it seemed decreed that the mark of the horseshoe should descend to his posterity, and that "the valour of his race should always be fruitless and the cause which they espoused should never prosper."

The Laird of Lag, the subject of Colonel Fergusson's sketch, first comes into notice in 1679, the year of Archbishop Sharpe's murder; and for some years, under the direction of Lauderdale and Claverhouse, he was actively employed in compelling Covenanters to take the test, riding in jackboots all over the country, suppressing conventicles, and dragooning West-country Whigs by means of the boot and the thumbkins. For this activity the Laird of Lag obtained a baronetcy and a pension of 200*l.* a year. Of course things went against him after the Revolution of 1688. He was shankit off to the Tolbooth, as Edie Ochiltree would have said; suffered from prison fever; was heavily fined, and only released on a bond for good behaviour signed by his kinsman Grierson of Capenoch. As time wore on the Laird of Lag became broken in health and ruined in fortune. He sent his son William to join the party of the Old Pretender in the '15, and was again fined in consequence. Then he had a serious dispute with the Commissioners for the Forfeited Estates, who contended that sentence of forfeiture had been passed on the Grierson property; Sir Robert, on the other hand, maintaining that though he had previously placed his son, the above-mentioned William, in possession by a deed of *infeftment*, the provisions of the said deed had been infringed and the document annulled. We gather that after the Commissioners and the Court of Session had come to loggerheads on the legal nicety, His Majesty George I., by an Act of clemency dated June 1724, enabled the old Laird to save something out of the wreck of his fortunes. Of his later life, of his death on the last day of the year 1733, of his funeral, and of the terror which his name and cruelties had created in the breasts of the peasantry of the counties of Dumfries, Kirkcudbright, and Wigtown, Colonel Fergusson gives a brief and graphic account. In the author's childhood it was common in the country houses of those parts to commemorate the evil deeds of the Laird of Lag by dressing up an imaginary monster, to the terror of the nursery and the admiration of competent critics. Colonel Fergusson is very likely correct in his opinion that Lag's cruelties did not grow less in the imagination of posterity, and that at any rate he was an honest rebel, who would not purchase forgiveness by any abject submission to the "Rats of Hanover." But still deeds were done in those Western Lowlands either by Grierson or his emissaries which admit of no palliation, and which the author does not extenuate.

Old Lag, it appears, married Lady Henrietta Douglas, a daughter of the house of Queensberry, and his brother-in-law, Colonel Douglas, is mentioned both by the author and in local histories. Here is a *dragonnade* as it has come down by tradition, and as it is attested by a tombstone and an inscription of a date not so many years after the events it commemorates. Scott had heard of it, and in the preface, not to *Redgauntlet*, but to *Old Mortality*, he states that there is a small monumental stone on the farm of the "Caldon, near the House-of-the-Hill, in Wigtownshire, which is highly venerated as being the first erected by Old Mortality in memory of several persons who fell at that place in defence of their religious tenets." He adds that the house was stormed by a Captain Orchard or Urquhart, who was shot in the attack. There are several minor inaccuracies in Scott's version. The farm is Caldons, and not Caldon, and it is situated in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, and not in Wigtownshire. The House-of-the-Hill is now an excellent roadside inn, occasionally frequented by anglers, at least four miles from the grave of these martyrs. We give the inscription verbatim, spelling, division of words, and all:—

Here lyes  
James and Robert  
Duns, Thomas and  
John Stevens ns,  
James McClive  
Andrew McColl who  
was surprised  
at prayer in this  
House by Colnell  
Douglas Lieftenant  
Livingston and  
Cornet  
James Douglas and  
By them most impious-  
ly & cruelly  
murdered for their  
adherence to Scot  
lands Reformation  
Covenantants national  
& solemn League. 1685.

The Colonel Douglas mentioned in this inscription is, we have no reasonable doubt, the brother-in-law of old Lag, and the tombstone says nothing whatever of any Colonel Urquhart. The house in question was situated in a damp moss at the foot of a range of hills; and by the spelling and composition the stone with the above tale may have been set up about 1703, at the same time as a very similar monument in Eskdale to the memory of a poor lad named Hyslop shot there by the orders of Claverhouse. A more modern stone records that a wall round the old grave was erected by the voluntary contributions of the congregation of the Rev. Gavin Rowwat, of Whithorn, in 1826. This minister is believed locally to have been descended from one of these six Covenanters. Scott seems to have heard that the original tomb was not erected till the middle or so of the last century. We think an earlier date more probable.

But a more serious question is next raised and discussed by Colonel Fergusson as to the truth of the celebrated Wigtown martyrs. Macaulay, who had visited the spot, had no doubt of the death by drowning of Margaret McLachland or Lachlison, and Margaret Wilson; but after the publication of his history a tremendous controversy arose on the subject, into the full details of which we have not time to enter. Sheriff Napier and a writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* maintained that the actual execution was a pure myth, laid stress on a document which seemed to imply that the recusant Covenanters were in Edinburgh at the very time when they were thought to be in Wigtown Jail, as well as on a reprieve which was granted, followed by a recommendation for a pardon. We do not wish to lay too much stress on the universal and strong belief in the martyrdom of these women which has prevailed in Wigtownshire and the Stewartry for two centuries. In no part of the kingdom do so many farmers and shepherds live over fourscore years or cherish local memories with such care; and it is certain that Miss Susan Heron, who was born in the middle of the eighteenth century and lived till 1834, had heard the account from the lips of her own grandfather, who, as a lad of sixteen, had witnessed the execution on a fine morning in May 1685. A careful examination of the bay of Wigtown and the course of the Bladnoch river as it enters that bay, has quite satisfied us that there would be no physical difficulty in fastening the two women to stakes to be drowned successively by the advancing tide. But the fact of the greatest weight—and one to which Colonel Fergusson hardly does full justice—lies in the records of the Kirk Sessions of two separate parishes, Peninghame and Kirkinner, in which more than one communicant records with humiliation and sorrow the part which he had unwillingly taken in furthering the execution. These records were attested about 1710 or so, or a quarter of a century after the event. To those who know what characters are borne by Scotch Elders for truth and manliness, and what credibility must be attached to such solemn documents, it is perfectly incredible that any such persons should be found to express sorrow and contrition for an act that according to Sheriff Napier had never taken place, at a time when, if unnecessarily accusing themselves, they must have been at once convicted of falsehood. Indeed, such conduct would lay them open to the censure which Richardson puts into the mouth of one of the characters in *Clarissa Harlowe*, "Those who perish in needless dangers are the devil's martyrs." It is remarkable, too, that only last year the bicentenary of the martyrdom was commemorated



with befitting solemnity and with faith unshaken by the inhabitants of the burgh of Wigtown—now unhappily disfranchised—when divers excellent addresses were delivered by clergy and laymen. A monument on a small hill above the burgh was raised some years ago to the memory of the two sufferers, and from it a fine view can be obtained of the bay of Wigtown and the localities described in *Guy Mannering*, including the Warroch Point of the story, Woodburne, or the house that passes for it, and the retreat of Dirk Hatteraick. Colonel Fergusson, admitting, rightly or wrongly, that it was a daring experiment on Scott's part to bring the Pretender again on the scene in *Redgauntlet* and so suggest a contrast between it and *Waverley*, reprints the whole of "Wandering Willie's Tale," and says truly that no such ghost-story was ever written. For striking and homely language such as the Scotch peasantry often use, for a minute and scrupulous fidelity to details in the description of impossible events, such as distinguishes Swift in *Gulliver's Travels*, for the thrilling effect which it produces in the reader, without being, in the modern idea, sensational, there is nothing like it in fiction. We may add that the book is admirably printed, that the notes illustrate and do not encumber the text, and that the appendices contain some very curious and quaint details.

## SIXTEEN BOOKS.\*

NOTHING could be better timed than the issue of the second edition of Dr. Brewer's short treatise on *The Endowments and Establishment of the Church of England*. Read in the period of reaction after a general election, in which many foolish and ignorant statements were made about a State-endowed and privileged Church, it will open the eyes of all but those who find it necessary to keep them shut, and dispel the delusions of well-meaning opponents. The daylight of history will be found a very different illuminant from platform fireworks. To find that the Church of England has no property, but that tithes in every instance were the free donation of the lord of the manor to the parish church, and are as much the private property of each parish, for a specific purpose, as are the estates of Guy's Hospital or the investments of Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle, will be a surprise to many rosy declaimers and some quiet and conscientious workers. To discover the ground, the process, and the result of Establishment will be to see it also in a new light. By so-called establishment the Church was not privileged, but controlled. Its authority was diminished and limited. The fact is, it was too powerful not to be "established"; not to have established it at the time of the Reformation would have been to restore the *status quo ante*, minus the Papal supremacy. It was an attempt so to regulate a great corporation that it should be of the utmost service to the nation, and to secure every Englishman's right to a share in its benefits.

These statements are probably familiar to students of the subject, though they may hardly be aware of the solid documentary foundation on which they rest. Dr. Brewer's unwearied examination of records and strict historical integrity give special value to a book which is a distinct addition of strength to the party of Defence, and must give pause to those who in their attack have been fortified only by groundless assumptions. It is full of information on obscure points connected with the temporalities of the Church, the growth of which it traces from Augustine's first offertory to the Reformation; it is written in a lucid and animated style, and enriched by some valuable notes on the legal aspect of questions involved by the editor, Mr. Lewis Dibdin. We wish we had more space to give to it.

The Rev. John M. Wilson calls his book *Nature, Man, and God*, a contribution to the scientific teaching of the day, but it is

hard to imagine how he would define the science which he imagines that he is re-enforcing. If it is scientific teaching to take seriatim the statements of a book like the Bible (which does not profess to be scientific), and to lay down his own interpretations of them as proved scientific facts, then he has made, to say the least, a bulky if not weighty contribution to science. But in a treatise which professes to be scientific it is strange to find that there is hardly a chapter in which the reader is not confronted with unproved statements, or in which the writer's original assumption of "the mediatorial reign" does not bias his mind and colour his assertions. He seems to agree with nobody, but hits out in all directions, from Mr. Darwin to the theologian who does not go the whole length with him about miracles, and to the monk in his cell. Those who agree with him may, perhaps, find a satisfaction in reading a forcible statement of views they held before, but readers with an open mind will hardly give him credit for having contributed much either to scientific teaching or to the cause of rational religion. May we suggest to him that it would be advisable to state his scope and object in a preface rather more proportioned to the length of his treatise than seven lines in case it should see a second edition? It is not quite clear what the author is aiming at.

After an interval of ten years Professor Schrader has published a second edition of his comparison of the Hebrew texts of most of the historical books of the Old Testament with Assyrian cuneiform inscriptions. Cast in the form of a running commentary it is an eminently handy book, often throwing light on obscure passages, and in many cases confirming the authority of disputed ones. It is not a little interesting that these clay tablets, speaking with evidence unimpeachable, should have created a reaction in the views of the more advanced German students of the older Scriptures. Professor Schrader belongs to the more conservative school; but he is so candid in his reception of destructive criticisms that cannot be gainsaid that his general testimony to the value of the results of Assyriology as a confirmation of the Biblical narrative is of the highest importance. Many eminent Egyptologists, also, are in entire agreement with him about the historic accuracy of large portions of the Pentateuch. No general statement, however, can represent the almost uniform corroborative tendency of these inscriptions, and no general recommendation can do justice to a book which presents so many of their corroborations and coincidences in, so to speak, parallel columns with the Hebrew text. It must be used to be appreciated, but it is worth while here to mention two as typical of its many elucidations. It was long a difficulty to understand why Manasseh was carried captive by the King of Assyria to Babylon; but an inscription has recently been read which relates how Sargon received ambassadors at Babylon. Similarly the fulfilment of a prophecy of Nahum (iii. 8-11), long thought to have been unfulfilled, has been discovered by Mr. George Smith in the record of an invasion of Egypt by Asurbanipal (Sardanapalus) in 663. The only serious discrepancy is that between the Assyrian Eponym Canon and Biblical chronology.

Mr. Baring Gould, in his preface to *Our Parish Church*, complains of the want of definite dogmatic teaching to children in our churches and Sunday schools, and he employs his well-known skill as a raconteur to gain entrance into their little minds, by easy stories, for hard doctrines. But his sermons are not so digestible by children as they look, or as he appears to think. An abstruse doctrine is not made simple by an imperfect analogy, nor is an elaborate argument easy to follow because it is stated in plain words. If we may say so, some of his teachings appear to us to be rather "pious opinions" than Church doctrines, and, in spite of its seductive homeliness, there is a slightly close flavour and want of naturalness about the book.

There is no historical book of the Old Testament which better repays study than the record of the wild anarchic period of the Israelitish *Suffetes*, and Mr. Fausset has brought to bear upon it his accurate knowledge of Hebrew and his acquaintance with the most recent results of modern research. But, unhappily, as we think, he has not been content with the aim of giving his readers a clear view of the book as a whole, and explaining its difficulties in detail, but has tried, as he admits, to draw from the "inspired Word the spiritual lessons designed by its Divine author." Such an aim, of course, if it exists, must be paramount; and it is apt not only to spoil the symmetry, but to vitiate the integrity of a literary exposition. Insensibly the author is always straining after one object while apparently pursuing another; he is always seeing more than there is in the text, and imagining lessons, prophecies, allusions, and types, many far from obvious, some of them, to say the least, in very bad taste.

While pursuing his theological studies in Germany, Dr. Bissell was so much startled at the methods and theories and conclusions of such Old Testament critics as Graf and Wellhausen, which he describes as nothing less than a tremendous cataclysm, that he determined to examine for himself the genuineness and authenticity of the disputed books. In forming an opinion as to the origin and structure of the Pentateuch, the author truly says everything depends on the point of view of the investigator; but he is content to take the critics on their own ground, and by the reasoning on which they rely he pronounces this concerted attempt to reconstruct the history of Israel to be a signal failure. But Dr. Bissell, though holding the traditional view, is not an unreasoning or unreasonable adherent of it. While protesting against and almost ridiculing the post-exilic theory of the composition of Deuteronomy, for instance, he is ready to admit the many and

\* *The Endowments and Establishment of the Church of England*. By the late J. S. Brewer, M.A. London: John Murray.

*Nature, Man, and God*. By the Rev. John M. Wilson. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

*The Cuneiform Inscriptions and the Old Testament*. By Eberhard Schrader, D.D., Ph.D. London: Williams & Norgate.

*Our Parish Church*. By the Rev. S. Baring Gould, M.A. London: Skeffington & Son.

*A Critical and Expository Commentary on the Book of Judges*. By the Rev. A. R. Fausset, M.A. London: James Nisbet & Co.

*The Pentateuch; its Origin and Structure*. By Edwin Cone Bissell, D.D. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

*Christ and Christianity*. By Philip Schaff. London: James Nisbet & Co.

*Christianity before Christ*. By Charles J. Stone, F.R.S.L., &c. London: Trübner & Co.

*The Natural Truth of Christianity*. With an Introduction by Matthew Arnold. Edited by William H. Metcalfe. Paisley and London: Alexander Gardner.

*Ulfilas, Apostle of the Goths*. By Charles A. Anderson Scott, B.A. Cambridge: MacMillan & Bowes.

*Liturgies and Offices of the Church*. By Edward Burbidge, M.A. London: George Bell & Sons.

*Biological Religion*. By T. Campbell Finlayson. Manchester: Brook & Chrystal. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.; Hamilton & Co.

*Revision Reasons*. By Rev. C. G. K. Gillespie. Manchester and London: John Heywood.

*Historical Religion and Biblical Revelation*. By Henry Harris, B.D. London: Henry Frowde.

*Religious Progress—The Practical Christianity of Christ*. London: Trübner & Co.

*The Teacher's Gradual—Lessons on the Church Catechism*. By the Rev. Louis Stokes, M.A. London: Wells Gardner, Darton, & Co.

serious difficulties of its uniform Mosaic authorship and the many traces of an "editor's" hand. But interpolations constitute, after all, an insignificant fraction of the book, and the whole catalogue of difficulties and objections is but a slender foundation for such sweeping conclusions as are based upon them.

In Dr. Schaff we meet a German theologian of a very different type from the remorseless critics just alluded to, and very different from the popular idea of a German student of divinity. He holds the appointment of Professor of Christian Apologetics and kindred subjects in the Union Theological Seminary in New York, and about a third of his book consists of an address delivered in that capacity. The rest of it is made up of addresses on various occasions and of magazine articles, all not only bearing on his subject, but connected as component parts of his argument. His subject is the Problem of the Incarnation; and, as he says, the facts of Christianity are at once the solution and the witness of it. After disposing of false explanations as mutually destructive or self-contradictory, he contrasts the Christ of fiction with the Christ of history, the Christ of prophecy, the Christ of Christendom, and the Christ of the human heart, and finds in the social and personal response to His claims the best testimony to His pre-eminent and supernatural personality. All Christological systems, from the ante-Nicene to Dörner's theory of gradual incarnation, however much they may differ from one another, make some contribution to the solution of the problem or "discover some diamond in the crown of the Redeemer." Christology will probably ascend still higher and reach still lower depths; creeds will still differ; but among the Reformed Churches at least, there is, allowing for varieties of inference, the same substantial consensus as in Christological systems. The discussion of the author's main thesis is followed by some interesting papers on the application of the Christian creed to certain moral and social questions, such as slavery, the Sabbath, the Bible, Christian freedom—forming a considerable contribution to Christian apologetics, and evidently the work of a man who has read a good deal, and is of sufficient philosophical reach for the higher levels of theology. Students of abstract and applied Christianity will find satisfaction in this book.

Readers of Mr. Stone's former work on the same subject, *The Cradleland of Arts and Creeds*, will be prepared for much that they will find in *Christianity before Christ*, a title in which fitness has been sacrificed to effect, the alternative title, *Prototypes of our Faith and Culture*, much more truly expressing the contents of the volume. Those who are new to the subject will read with surprise of an advanced Indo-Aryan civilization when Europe was barbarous; and perhaps some devout-minded persons may read with a shock of foregleams of Christian faith, Christian maxims, and Christian symbols from the Himalayas to Yucatan. But Mr. Stone's thesis is, indeed, so antecedently probable to all believers in a perfect Deity that it seems to require less proof than he sometimes lavishes on instances of its truth.

*The Natural Truth of Christianity* is the title of a volume in which Mr. Metcalfe seeks to popularize the writings of a man famous in his day, but little read now—John Smith the mystic. Judicious selections, it is hoped, will be read by many whom the complete edition issued by the Cambridge University Press, weighted as it is with neo-Platonic and many other quotations and Greek and Latin footnotes, would appal. Smith was a man worth rescuing from oblivion. One of a small band of eminent Cambridge men about the middle of the seventeenth century known as the Cambridge Platonists, he found himself face to face with the alternative of a Laudian or a Calvinistic Christianity, and was satisfied with neither. He would have agreed with Mr. Matthew Arnold that nine-tenths of religion was conduct, and yet, though the end and essence of his teaching was practical, he was called a mystic. The explanation is that, though his conclusions were practical, his premises were mystical. "We climb," he says, "to the understanding of Deity by the contemplation of our own souls." The soul's immortality may be assumed as a postulate, or, if arguments for it are adduced, they can only be appreciated by converse with the soul itself; but (and here comes in his practical conclusion) it is only truth and goodness that can make men believe in their own immortality. It is easy as one reads Smith to understand why Principal Tulloch classes him among the rational theologians of the seventeenth century, and why Mr. Metcalfe calls his Christianity *natural*. They mean the same thing by the different words. It is worth while to add that, though Smith's discourses are, as Mr. Arnold says, a contribution to religion rather than to literature, there is a great attraction in the glow and rush of his splendid style.

Mr. Scott has at least one qualification for writing about Ulfilas and the Gothic Churches—namely, that he sees the difficulty of the problem of the pathetic and mysterious fate both of the nation and of the Church. That both after a brief existence perished out of history, that with one exception they have left no record of a really great man, that we are indebted for most of what we know of them to their enemies, are facts for which there must be some deep-seated cause or causes and results which race-characteristics alone appear to us to be able to produce. But that their national life was crowded out between Franks and Huns; that their religion, a pronounced Arianism, was unequal to the struggle for existence with orthodoxy and heathenism, and perished because it was neither one thing nor the other, seems a scarcely adequate account of such a strange historical phenomenon. It is, however, Mr. Scott's theory, and we are bound to say that he

sustains it by a good many authorities and by arguments written in an easy and forcible style.

Mr. Burbridge's account of the genesis of the liturgies and offices of the Church appears to justify the demand that, if we are to revert to earlier forms and usages, we should go back far enough. To halt at mediaevalism is not to approach nearer to apostolic practice or faith, but to rest just where liturgies and offices had departed furthest from Catholicity; to reach the primitive Church is at the same time to arrive at rites and symbols which alone are truly Catholic. The earliest form of Christian worship in the East has by the help of the *Ἀδελφὴ* been traced downwards to the Clementine Liturgy of the fourth century, and the Western form more doubtfully to the Liturgy of Gregory the Great in the sixth century, and the work of bringing to light these ancient forms is like disinterring the records of buried cities of the Old World. Mr. Burbridge is successful in showing that the revisions of the English Prayer Book were in reality a return to the most ancient models, and liturgical students will be grateful for his well-arranged pages and for the impartiality with which he handles a necessarily difficult subject. It is interesting to read that the composition of this book has been the indirect means of recovering a large part of the library of Archbishop Cranmer, which the author, knowing the share the Archbishop had in the revision of the Service Book, naturally inquired for. The results of Mr. Burbridge's researches are likely to be of great use to candidates for Holy Orders, as well as to those who have an archaic or ecclesiastical or religious interest in our national liturgy.

When Professor Henry Drummond first spoke his parable about natural and spiritual law, it is hardly too much to say that he took the world by storm, at all events the thoughtful portion of the religious world. Apart from the eloquence and fascination of the book, its richness of allegory and illustration, its novel power of insight, and in some parts really useful religious teaching, it brought comfort to many souls. Here was science converted from being the enemy to being the handmaid of religion, an almost Messianic harmony achieved, the great stumbling-block to the faithful (especially to the faithful in society) removed, and Christianity actually established on a scientific basis. It had naturally a wonderful run, and saw several editions. But penetrating readers, when they had had time to think, soon perceived at least two fatal flaws in the argument; first, that the author took a view of human nature contradictory of the primary hypotheses of religion—namely, that man is not the Son of God, but "endowed simply with a high quality of the natural animal life" (these are Professor Drummond's own words), and therefore with no natural capacity for religion or morality; secondly, that the waste in nature finds its analogy in the waste of men—that there are few that are saved, that the fittest who survive the process of spiritual evolution will be an insignificant minority; and these are not superficial blemishes, the argument turns on them. Unless, on the one hand, instantaneous conversion is a fact in the life of every Christian; if, on the other, there is a chance and a hope for all, the book has no meaning. In other words, it is penetrated with what, for want of a better word, we must call Salvation Armyism and Calvinism. In his able and minute vivisection of the argument chapter by chapter, Mr. Finlayson exposes these and other weaknesses. The author is not only at variance with Christian instinct and experience, but inconsistent with himself. His view of the nature and capacities of man varies with the emergencies of his argument, and even an astounding assumption like the one quoted above is quietly dropped, and the opposite assumption of free-will and responsibility is adopted when it becomes necessary to appeal to the conscience. This is not the only inconsistency which Mr. Finlayson reveals, but it is the most glaring. For other anomalies and self-contradictions we refer our readers to the few able pages, which will have the bracing efficacy of a cold douche on some of Professor Drummond's fervid admirers.

Mr. Gillespie deserves credit for the learning, labour, and accuracy with which in his *Revision Reasons* he has sought to justify every alteration made by the Old Testament revisers. This is only the first instalment of his task, consisting of the Pentateuch, but it contains matter enough probably to occupy a Hebrew student of the five books until the next reaches him. The author describes his book as a manual for general readers as well as for students, but it assumes that the general reader is a Hebraist, and on that hypothesis supplies him with much interesting general information as to authorities and MSS., and much minute critical analysis of words and structures which would exercise the scholarship of one who was something more than a general reader. The tables, at the end, of the Hebrew and Samaritan alphabets, of accentuation, of *אֲנָשׁ לְעִיבְרָא*, of Septuagint renderings, &c., strike us as a valuable contribution to that exact knowledge which ought to be the basis of a devotional and popular translation of the Bible.

*Historical Religion and Biblical Revelation* is the title of another of Mr. Harris's thoughtful little books. He is a moderate, sensible, well-read, and orthodox divine, occupying a position of antagonism to extreme views on either side and meeting his opponents with the facts of human nature and experience. The few pages under notice are devoted to answering objections to an historical religion. "History," it is said, "is debarred by its very nature from satisfying the demand made by religion." But religion, says the author, employs and depends upon every variety of human faculty and human agency. Moral habits are formed, the higher instincts are evoked and developed by human means and



human agents; Christianity as a whole and the Christian character of every individual demand for their existence and support the whole of our highly complicated nature and its attendant circumstances. Every such event or person becomes historical to the world or to the individual, and an historical evidence of religion. It is easy to conceive the logical force with which the same argument may be applied to revealed religion, and to find in the composition, transmission, and interpretation of Scripture a "tissue of the firmest though finest texture" by which every faculty is brought into close communication with revelation. Those who object to the human element in religion may be left to guess, if they can, how loud would be their own outcries against a religion which involved a separate revelation to every believer and a complete isolation of religion from nature, life, and history.

The author of *Religious Progress* has been condemned by physical infirmity to a life of inaction and seclusion. He has thought out for himself a scheme of religious belief and of Christian progress which has been his comfort and support in a life of suffering, and he has given it to the world in the hope that it may be a blessing to others. The main feature of his religious system (for which he can hardly claim originality) is the pre-eminence which he assigns to the doctrines of Christ over the teaching of the Old Testament, the Mosaic Code, ecclesiastical authority, and Christian dogma; and certainly his treatment of the first three chapters of Genesis and other parts of the Pentateuch is conspicuous for its free handling. The spirit which would conduce to progress, and is, indeed, a condition of it, is the spirit of conciliation; and the organization to promote progress ought to consist of two alliances, one on the basis of Theistic belief, the other on the profession of Christianity. To this latter he looks for the desired advance in "benevolent economy," and thankfully records some of the triumphs of the Christian spirit (such as the Geneva Cross Society) already achieved. It is not to be expected that there should be anything in such speculations which religious thinkers have not arrived at for themselves; but they may be a help to some who take their Christianity as they find it in the world to see what is the essence of the religion they profess.

Mr. Louis Stokes (whose long experience as Diocesan Inspector of Schools in Religious Knowledge gives him a claim to be heard on the subject) produces the results of his many inspections in the *Teacher's Gradual*. Whether the title is intended as a hint as to where he found help most wanted, it is not for us to guess; but no doubt teachers are those who will find it most useful. Even experienced teachers are apt to get into sidings without a manual, and they will find in this one, which is moderate and sensible in tone and varied and practical in its applications, something more than a mere mechanism to keep them on the rails.

#### COLOUR-SENSE IN HOMER.\*

**VOILA** qu'on me tue mes morts, as Gavroche said on the barricade in *Les Misérables* of Victor Hugo. It was in the October number of the *Nineteenth Century* magazine in the year 1877 that Mr. Gladstone, in agreement with Dr. Magnus, propounded his fantastic theories on the deficiency of the colour-sense in Homer, and indeed in all men in early times. It was early in 1879 that Mr. Grant Allen published his book on the Colour-Sense, in which the strange opinions of Dr. Magnus and Mr. Gladstone were so effectually disposed of as to leave little more to be said about them. Dr. Keersmaecker has been late in joining in the battle; but he fights on the winning side, and is able to explain how he has been prevented by professional occupations from sooner making public his own contributions to a question which had been already so thoroughly settled. He says that there is no confusion of colours in Homer. It is true that his palette was slenderly furnished, and that he had only seven or eight colours upon it; but he knew what he was about in making use of them, and they were enough for his purpose. It is natural that, as an oculist, he should go fully into the question whether Homer was colour-blind before he entirely lost his sight; and he proceeds just as he would do with a *dyschromatopic* patient in his own consulting-room; but, considering the exceedingly slight and conjectural materials existing for his guidance, it would perhaps have been wiser if he had not prolonged his essay by introducing this as an element in the discussion. It must be decided on much safer grounds. To infer that the early poets of Greece and the prehistoric races of man were incapable of distinguishing colours because their colour vocabulary was a very restricted one would be as absurd as to lay it down that our Anglo-Saxon ancestors were unacquainted with the principles of justice because their laws were fewer and simpler than those contained in our modern statute-book. In both cases, as occasion arose, the names of colours were multiplied, and the descriptions of various offences and of increasingly complicated legal relations became more and more numerous. Mr. Grant Allen has shown that nearly all colour-words come from the names of natural objects, such as flowers, animals, or gems, and as more objects became known fresh names of colours would be suggested by them. When modern chemistry began to invent new tints to meet the ever-growing demands of manufactures and the arts, this multiplication became enormous. The artists' colour-shops in London have a list of eighty or ninety oil colours, and crayons are to be had

in more than one hundred and thirty tints. Yet few painters habitually put more than twelve or fourteen colours on their palettes, and some even confine themselves to seven. Chevreul could not do with less than 1,140 different types of colour for the Gobelin tapestries. An equal or larger number is in use by the Florentine workers in mosaics; but of course these high figures are not and cannot be accompanied by a corresponding addition to the nomenclature of colours. Seven or eight were enough for Homer. Dante employed no more than sixteen names of colours, of which nine are only used once. *Rosso* occurs only eleven times, and *Verde* only fourteen times. Shakspeare has altogether thirty-two different colour-epithets, and Mr. Grant Allen has remarked on the few colour-words used by Mr. Swinburne in his very rich and sensuous poetry.

Dr. de Keersmaecker has made a useful contribution to the modern statistics of colour-sense by quoting the result of experiments made upon illiterate persons at Lyons, where the staple industries might be supposed to render the faculty of discriminating tints more acute than in other places. Out of forty-two persons, only two saw and named five colours of the solar spectrum. Thirteen did so with four colours, and seventeen with three colours. Five persons could only name two colours, and not one could name all seven. Blue and red were named each thirty-five times. Yet it has been said that the human eye is capable of distinguishing and appreciating a thousand different tints; and a colour scale provided a few years ago for the express purpose of furnishing a fixed standard of reference for use by artists, manufacturers, and others in want of it, contained forty-two colours in about nine hundred shades. Mr. Grant Allen's remarks on the colours used in dress and the arts by the Egyptians in periods far antecedent to that of Homer, and his exhaustive investigations on the colour-sense among existing savage races, left little to be added to them. The Lyons experiments tend to confirm his remark that colour-blindness is more frequent among civilized nations. Orange is said (as the result of Aubert's trials) to be the colour of the most intense luminosity—that is, the one which is visible with the largest addition of black; next comes red, and then blue. But other experimentalists give the first place in this respect to light green, and this is the conclusion generally adopted.

The opinion is given of Professor Anagnostakis, of Athens, who speaks both as an oculist and a Greek, to the effect that the texts of Homer which have been cited really afford no occasion for remark when read by a modern Greek. Dr. de Keersmaecker promises to return to the subject on a future occasion.

#### THREE NOVELS.\*

**THE** *Virgin Widow* is evidently the work of some one as much impressed as Parson Hugh of old with the value of "words, brave words," and fully bent on making public his or her impression, unrestrained by any such trifling details as grammar, suitability of epithet, or even at times sense. The author is indeed "a great master of language, quite the king of the dictionary! for the devil a word dare refuse coming at his call—though one would think it was quite out of hearing." Our author should be "very deep read to write this way, though he's rather an arbitrary writer, too, for here are a great many poor words pressed into the service of this 'novel' that would get their habees corpus in any court of Christendom." The matter is rather less bewildering than the manner, for, stripped of its verbiage, it simply consists of well-worn incidents of the sensational kind, which to the average novel-reader are almost foregone conclusions. Captain Oliver Grey—the book is partly autobiographical—who belongs to a mysterious regiment that seems a compound of horse, foot, and artillery, performs prodigies of valour (modestly reported with due apology by himself) during the Crimean War; and, after a series of wounds that must have left not one sound inch in his whole body, is invalided home because of a severe turn of fever, during which he is nursed by quite the most unreal soldier-servant ever evolved from the inner consciousness of any novelist, and a wonderful Red Cross sister of astounding youth and beauty, who careers about the seat of war in company with her lady's maid! Certainly in these modern days ladies have performed marvels under the cloak of holy charity, and turned up in all sorts of incongruous, if dramatically suitable, places; but surely in Crimean days the Red Cross was unknown. After all, that is a minor detail, for the Crimea and its times as known to Captain Oliver Grey are likely to strike awe and amazement in any mind to which the Russian war of 1854-6 is something more than a semi-mythical piece of ancient history. Chokebore breechloaders, again, were not ordinary everyday matters thirty years since, yet when, immediately on his return invalided, Captain Grey goes down to visit the (virgin) widow of his old friend and comrade, Percy Snowdon, these particular articles are specially insisted on as forming part of his sporting outfit. Needless to say, he sees and falls in love with his friend's widow, and after a somewhat prolonged courtship, diver-

\* *A Virgin Widow*. By Oliver Grey. London: Remington & Co. 1886.

*A Life's Mistake*. By Mrs. H. Lovett-Cameron, Author of "Deceivers Ever," "A North-Country Maid," "In a Grass Country," &c. London: Ward & Downey. 1886.

*The Corpses in the Cups; or, the Perils of Love: a Sensational Story*. By Lewis Lorraine. London: Field & Tuer; Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.; Hamilton, Adams, & Co.

\* *Le Sens des Couleurs chez Homère*. Par le Docteur Alb. de Keersmaecker. Bruxelles.

sified by the machinations of a villainous cousin, who desires to obtain the hand and fortune of the virgin widow, Captain Grey triumphantly marries her.

Of the minor characters it is needless to speak. Their manners are of the most peculiar sort. They attach enormous value to blue blood and "county family," and appeal to their ancestors on all occasions. In one instance this is rather funny, as one old gentleman adjures his daughter by the memory of forefathers, whose ghosts are supposed "from time out of mind" to look down on her "from yonder walls," notwithstanding the fact that the author has, two or three pages before, informed us of the old gentleman's grandfather, a rich *roturier*, having bought the place. Presumably Mr. Townsend, like the immortal General Stanley of Penzance memory, considered the ancestors went with the other fixtures.

The language of every one, author included, varies from the most transcendental sentiment to downright vulgar slang. One gentleman, whose fascination of appearance and manner are supposed to be in inverse ratio to his moral qualities, invariably addresses his aunt and cousins, on meeting them, with "However are you, my dear aunt?" One almost longs to add the superfluous aspirate, it is so plainly necessary to complete the sketch. Needless to say that metaphors and epithets get hopelessly "mixed," producing at times a delicious effect, for which, however, we owe little thanks to our author. What the meaning of "aspiring to tears," a favourite amusement of all the characters, or of being "without a semblance of anything facial in his composition," may be we profess ourselves utterly unable to say; but, after going through such a course as "bumping tears," "sweetest cherub of the spring" (applied, in turn, to nearly every young woman in the book), "We trio are friends," "tattooing the floor with his (or her) nervous foot," &c. &c., a little haziness may be forgiven. And, be it remembered, these are not carefully-chosen extracts, but simply gems culled at random from the author's vocabulary.

It is a relief to turn to *A Life's Mistake*, which is a pretty, interesting story. Mrs. Lovett-Cameron's work is sure to be readable, at all events, and tolerably certain to contain something worth attending to. Her female characters are always lifelike, and generally charming. Her present heroine is scarcely her most successful sketch—in fact the author seems at first to have intended her for one of the cynical hoydens fashionable as heroines ten or fifteen years since; but she thinks better of it, and Mrs. Hardcastle mellow, as the book proceeds, into a very lovable, pleasant gentlewoman, whose discoveries respecting the state of her heart are really interesting to the reader. Mrs. Lovett-Cameron's masculine acquaintance have small reason to congratulate themselves on the impression they have made on that lady. Her heroes are seldom of much count, and the subordinate male characters are pretty sure to possess most unenviable attributes. This is certainly the case in the present instance. Stephen Hardcastle is, considering his author, rather a grand fellow, and we have been at different times called on to admire as virtues lapses so infinitely blacker than the one slip he makes that we can hardly look on his misconduct with a severe eye—in fact, many will have so thoroughly assimilated the old saw of all being fair in love and war as simply to consider it a natural, not to say commendable, utilization of a weapon put into his hand by kind fate—but the rest of the men meet scant justice at Mrs. Cameron's hands. Honestly, two more despicable egotists than Fred Orchester and his father it would be hard to find. Whether the author herself fully appreciates the meanness of the former is doubtful. If she does her cynicism is of an advanced type; otherwise she could hardly have suggested pitchforking him into a living as she does at last, when apparently at her wits' end to provide for the handsome cur. The fool of the family was from of old considered the predestined ornament of the Church; but, in spite of the assertions of modern reformers, we doubt whether any bishop out of a novel, or any layman outside Mrs. Cameron's story, would consider Fred Orchester a fit subject of ecclesiastical patronage. The other male characters are a semi-mad naval lieutenant and a funny old doctor; the rest of the feminine characters are all in their various degrees agreeable, and much too good for the men for whose sake they sacrifice themselves in the most matter-of-course fashion.

*The Corpse in the Cope* is as gruesome as heart can wish, though we fear enthusiastic amateurs of sensation will be inclined to echo the sentiment attributed to Astley (was it not?) when he requested the author of one of his equine melodramas to "cut the cackle and come to the 'orses," in this case the story, which is obscured by a most inordinate amount of talk. Mr. Herbert —'s feelings about the murder he wishes, yet dreads, to commit, are interminable, and detailed with the utmost conscience, but without much reality. He possesses a fair share of the Adamic temperament, and lays the blame of his misdeeds pretty freely on everything but his own folly, dwelling largely on the libertine character of his victim, as compared with his own respectability and freedom from vice. Still, though to live cleanly, and to have a decent share of honour where women are concerned, be good things in their way, they are scarcely an excuse for "potting" a rival whose real sin is not that he is a profligate, but that he has interfered with the course of Mr. Herbert —'s true love. In fact, the book is about as silly and unwholesome as the enemies of the shilling "dreadful" could desire, and is profitable neither for amusement nor improvement.

#### WRIGHT OF DERBY.

THE conjunction of names on the title-page of Mr. Bemrose's handsome folio expresses a natural connexity. Like the distinguished painter whose career is set forth in this volume, Mr. Bemrose is himself of Derby, and may be said to possess an inalienable claim to be the painter's biographer. Mr. Seymour Haden may look back to members of his family who were among Wright's intimate friends; while the obligations due from students of Wright's work to Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse need no reminder. It is some twenty years since Mr. Bemrose communicated to the *Reliquary* an interesting paper on Wright of Derby; and when it became known during the centenary exhibition of 1883, of which he was the chief promoter, that Mr. Bemrose was engaged on a work based on the painter's letters and journals, there was a general expression of satisfaction. We may say at once that the present volume will create the liveliest interest in art circles. Mr. Bemrose's biographical method is excellent. The material is so arranged as to give a vivid and progressive self-revelation of the painter's personality, and no one can peruse the ingenious letters of Joseph Wright or the biographer's judicious and always relevant commentary without feeling that the best aims of biography are attained. Mr. Seymour Haden contributes two etchings of "The Twins" and the "Edwin," both of which are plates of rare skill and distinction, and both commemorative of certain ancestors of the accomplished etcher. The charming girls figured in the former were the Misses Ann and Sarah Haden, and Mr. Thomas Haden sat for the characteristic presentment of Dr. Beattie's pensive hero which is now on view at Burlington House. Mr. Monkhouse, whose collaboration extends only to the preface, has ever been foremost, and almost alone, in his endeavours to establish a sound and final estimate of Wright's place in English art. "Even if such a feat were possible," he observes, "I should have no wish to compare accurately the merits of Wright with those of his forerunners and contemporaries. It will, however, be generally acknowledged that between such names as Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Wilson, and such as West, Northcote, Barry, and Hamilton, there is a gap sensibly to be felt. In this gap, but nearer to the greater than the lesser men, a place has of late years been found for Romney. It is but a modest claim for Wright that the same distinction should be accorded to him." This judgment is as nice and exact an approximation as could be desired.

The present Exhibition of Old Masters is fortunately sufficiently representative in its collection of Wright's works to be of valuable service to Mr. Bemrose's readers; it includes eminent examples of the painter's skill in portraiture, landscape, and in the larger class of works dealing with the effects of fire and artificial light in which the artist equalled if he did not occasionally excel the Dutch and Flemish Masters. The portraits of "Lady Wilmot and Child" and of the Arkwright children, the lamplight interior of "The Orrery," and the landscapes of the allegorical picture "Death and the Woodman," and "Antigonus in the Storm," all display the artist in the fulness of his powers. Apart from its merits as portraiture, wherein it competes with Reynolds himself, the "Edwin" demands a place separate from these, in the company of the sympathetic, though very inferior, presentment of Sterne's "Maria," whether regarded as the romantic ideal of an age of exalted sensibility or as an incomparable embodiment of a poet's conception. We have not seen the group of Mr. Newton's children which Mr. Monkhouse considers "a masterpiece of colour," otherwise we should be inclined to think that in one matter at least Mr. Monkhouse is a little excessive in his praise of Wright's colour. The flesh-painting in many of Wright's portraits, and particularly in that of the Arkwright family, is in texture and in its smooth, monotonous surface unpleasantly suggestive of a confection of pink cream. This is a circumstance in the scheme of colour even more disconcerting than the sickly-green hair of the meditative "Maria." It is curious to note in the stronger and richer harmony of "The Orrery" that, under the play of lamplight, the flesh-painting is of a far higher technical order, and is, indeed, not the least remarkable characteristic of that astonishing work. In such subjects Wright was justly accounted by his contemporaries a prodigy of daring and skill, and there is no doubt that his fame as a specialist narrowed the judgment of critics, as it has certainly injuriously affected that of posterity. Even in landscape, though some of his friends coupled him with Wilson, his place was by no means unanimously defined in his lifetime, while his portraits and charming "Conversation Pieces" received anything but a just measure of praise. The neglect of so original and versatile a painter may partly be traced to the immense popularity of one class of his productions, and, in a less degree, to the localization of his labours. Other causes, however, are very clearly suggested by Mr. Bemrose's *Life*. The fame of his "fire pieces" and the like seems to have preceded him on his migration to Bath in 1775, whither he had been hopefully lured by the departure of Gainsborough. There the stir created by the exhibition of his first "Vesuvius" cruelly emphasized the fitful and disappointing support accorded to him as a fashionable portrait-painter. Subsequently his best work in this

\* *The Life and Works of Joseph Wright, A.R.A.*, commonly called "*Wright of Derby*." By William Bemrose. With a Preface by Cosmo Monkhouse. Illustrated with two Etchings by F. Seymour Haden and other Plates and Woodcuts. London and Derby: Bemrose & Sons.



direction was executed in his native county, and met with comparative oblivion in the privacy of country houses.

Mr. Bemrose has succeeded in throwing some much-needed light on three important points in Wright's career—the precise nature of his early training under Hudson, the influence of the Italian schools perceptible in his work subsequent to the painter's brief sojourn in Italy, and the circumstances that led to his refusal of the Royal Academy diploma. From the pedigree given by Mr. Bemrose we learn that Joseph Wright's father and grandfather were members of the legal profession, and his great-grandfather was vicar of Seighford, and in 1671 rector of Longford, near Derby. The painter was born in Derby, at 28 Irongate, in 1734. Of his early taste for drawing and his love for mechanics some significant anecdotes are given. In the stirring days of the '45, when the young Pretender occupied Derby, three officers and the incredible number of forty men were quartered on the Wrights, and some of the soldiers were so struck by a small gun the boy had made that they wished to take "Master Joseph" with them, "for they were sure he must be an ingenious boy to make that gun." It may be hoped for the boy's credit that the Jacobite soldiers were more intelligent than the Highlander who parted with his English watch when it ran down, thinking it a dead thing. Wright's passion for concentrated lights and dark shadows seems to have developed early, and Mr. Bemrose tells us "he could never pass a blacksmith's shop, or any striking lights in the streets, without staying to study them." From copying street signboards to his first essays in portraiture was but a short step, and in 1751 his father was persuaded to allow him to study under Hudson in London, where he remained two years, returning for a briefer stay in 1756 to complete his studies. Whatever reputation he possessed prior to 1765 was entirely local; in that year, however, he commenced exhibiting at the gallery of the Society of Artists, showing the well-known picture of "The Gladiators by Candlelight." In the following year he exhibited "The Orrery," and in 1768 "An Experiment in the Air-pump," now in the National Gallery. Those dates show with what celerity he acquired the technical mastery that rendered him famous, in spite of the insufficient training which he himself readily lamented. Four months after his marriage in 1773 he made the voyage to Italy, an epoch in the lives of so many English artists, and, as Mr. Bemrose reasonably insists, of peculiar importance in Wright's artistic development. He sailed from London by the circuitous route of Exeter, taking with him two of his most popular pictures exhibited in 1771 and 1773, "The Alchemist" and "The Captive King," reaching Rome in February. His pleasant gossip letters to his brother and sister and the extracts from his journal abound in shrewd observation, and afford a prepossessing self-revelation of the warm-hearted sensitive painter which thoroughly accords with the refinement and sensibility of the portrait-medallion on Mr. Bemrose's title-page. In the midst of the excitements of travel he never omits to conclude his letters with some old-fashioned and courteous message to his friends. He makes sundry pretty references to the birth of his first child; she is his "little Roman," and the object of envy to the natives. "Dear little Nancy," he writes, "is a fine little wench. An Italian gent who saw her in the street some time ago said what a fine girl she was, but was absurd enough to say at the same time, it was a pity the English should have fine children, they used 'em so cruelly, mine goes almost naked. The Italians load theirs with dress." Writing in May 1775 he speaks of his picture of Vesuvius in eruption, "the grandest effect I ever painted," as having attracted the Empress of Russia, adding, "I wish she may take it, a 100 guineas will not be unacceptable." When in 1779 his wish was realized, he received 500 guineas for that work and the "Girandola," a firework scene at Rome, and this led to Wedgwood's observation that the painter, "neglected by his countrymen, would starve if the Empress of Russia had not some taste and sense."

Among Wright's critical notes on the Italian art galleries—by no means rapturous as a rule—are several very warm and characteristic eulogies of the works of Dutch and Flemish painters. At Turin he was delighted with "Van Dick's picture of King Charles' 3 children," and speaks of another by that master in ardent terms—"A man in armour on horseback, as large as life, by Vandicke, very fine. The armour is of a rich dark colour, full of beautiful reflections, and the lights most spiritedly touched." Michael Angelo he studied most assiduously. "There is a family tradition," says Mr. Bemrose, "that Wright injured his health by overwork when in Rome, and that for greater care when working he lay upon his back on the cold floor of the Sistine Chapel, and contracted an affection of the liver." Excepting a sojourn of nearly two years in Bath, on his return to England in 1775, Wright spent the remainder of his life in Derby, and thus acquired the appellation that distinguished him with his contemporaries from Wright of Liverpool. We have no space to deal with all Mr. Bemrose has to say on Wright's quarrel with the Royal Academy. There is no doubt that the painter had only too much reason on his side, as Gainsborough had on a similar occasion; the various aspects of the case are so admirably put in the present volume that the matter may well be left to the reader's judgment. Nor can we find room for Hayley's rude and pungent verses on the Bishop who endeavoured to cheapen by detraction one of Wright's many versions of "Vesuvius," a process that resulted in the withdrawal of the picture to the indignant painter's private collection, where it

remained till his death. Of the strong verisimilitude of Wright's portraits, and the extraordinary imitative dexterity of the painter, some curious stories are told. One of the best of them refers to the illusive power of the picture of the Old Man and his Ass (from Sterne), and tells how a man who had entered the painter's studio saw the picture, which stood on the floor, and tried to kick away the saddle to obtain a better view. In conclusion, we must recognize the admirable reproductions by Messrs. A. & W. Dawson's positive etching process of the portrait of the painter now at Burlington House, the "Maria," and the two "Conversation Pieces" of the Arkwright family. The first and third are uncommonly felicitous.

#### A HANDBOOK ON HANDS.\*

IN a book published in Paris in 1821, entitled *Physiologie du Système Nerveux*, M. Georget wrote, "Les phénomènes cutanés déterminés par l'influence cérébrale, quoique moins évidents que dans plusieurs organes, sont pourtant réels et dignes de fixer l'attention de l'observateur." That this opinion is most fully shared by Mr. Heron-Allen has been long known, and is still further proved by the appearance of his most interesting work on Cheiromancy, which may take its place as the simplest, most concise, and yet most complete manual of this new science, whose full development, according to Mr. Allen, "must become an enormous advantage to mankind."

"La Chiromancie," said Alexandre Dumas *filz*, "sera un jour la grammaire de l'organisation humaine," and for Mr. Allen that day has already dawned. To him a hand is more than a grammar; even a full-flavoured "Ollendorf" would not contain as much language as is to be found within the limits of a palm. Past, present, and future are not only visible to his unerring eye, but the whole character of his victim, with its weaknesses and possible failures under temptation, as well as its accomplished deflections from the paths of virtue, are laid bare in all their hideous nakedness before him. The probing of the confessional is nothing to the power of a cheiromant. No wonder that in the good old times cheiromancy was looked upon as part of the black art, and that those who practised it should have been within measurable distance of either a horsepond or "the accustomed pitch shirt." But *autre temps, autres mœurs*, and Mr. Allen runs no risk except that of being torn to pieces by too earnest votaries and pupils, when, with the patient zeal of the enthusiastic reformer, he sets himself to work to clear away the cobwebs of ignorance as regards hand-reading from the eyes of the world at large. Many of his remarks in his Introductory Argument are very true, especially when he says:—

There is no part of the human body which is more significant in its action, which is more characteristic in its formation, than the hand. I take as an illustration the most elementary indication afforded by the hand, an indication the instinctive observation of which renders every one, to a certain extent, a cheiromant—I allude to hand-shaking, an action in itself symbolical, having been adopted in old days for the purpose of showing that the hand contained no weapon, so that there should be no danger of treachery between the hand-shakers. Has not every one experienced the feeling of confidence and good-fellowship expressed by a good, firm grasp of the hand, the feeling of repulsion and discomfort which comes over one when one is given what a recent essayist calls "a hand like a cold haddock," or the instinctive distrust which awakens in us at a peculiar or uncomfortably individualized method of shaking hands?

These words will be heartily endorsed by many sufferers from gifts of "cold haddocks," and, what is almost a worse form of the "uncomfortably individualized methods," the painful clutch of a shy and nervous person. Having, therefore, established the bond of universal suffering, and thereby claimed the most of mankind as fellow-cheiromants, Mr. Allen goes on to describe the hand itself, morally, if we may use such a term, as well as physically. "Our thoughts," says Professor Owen, in a passage quoted by Mr. Allen, "are free to soar as far as any legitimate analogy may seem to guide them rightly in the boundless ocean of unknown truth!" and of this permission Mr. Allen certainly avails himself, for he stoutly claims the power of the cheiromant to foretell the future, up to the day of death, of the person whose hand he may be studying. If this is so, why stop there? Why should not Mr. Allen's "Hand of Glory" be able to reveal the secrets of the "dim and distant" future as well as of the immediate and mundane one? However, Mr. Allen modestly adds that "it must be distinctly understood that the science of cheiromancy never pretends to say, 'What is written shall be,' only this, that it possesses the power of warning us of events which, unless controlled, will come to pass." Bartholomew Cokes, who wrote *Chyromantie ou Physiognomie Anastasis* in 1503, predicted sudden death to forty-five different people, who were all kind enough, with the exception of two, to fulfil his prediction, and no doubt the excellent prophet consoled himself for the obstinacy of these two dissentients by announcing that their immunity was owing to his warnings.

Mr. Allen divides his work (after the Introductory Argument) into two parts or sections—the first devoted to cheiromancy, "or the science of interpreting the characters and instincts of men from the outward formations and aspects of their hands"; the second to cheiromancy, "or the science of reading the characters and instincts of men, their actions and habits, and the events of their past, present, and future lives," in the lines and formations of the palms of their hands." These two subjects make up the great

\* A Manual of Cheiromancy. By Ed. Heron-Allen. London: Ward Lock, & Co.

science of cheiropsophy; and, for the sake of the student, Mr. Allen thinks it best to treat them separately, though the one could hardly stand without the support of the other. "Cheiromnomically speaking," says Mr. Allen, "hands are divided into seven classes or types"—the Elementary, or Necessary Hand; the Spatulate, or Active Hand; the Conical, or Artistic Hand; the Square, or Useful Hand; the Knotty, or Philosophic Hand; the Pointed, or Psychic Hand; and, at the end of this imposing list of hands, all the "odd-come-shorts" that will not fit into any of the foregoing types are classed together under the title of "Mixed Hands." These names are all derived from the shape of the fingers, a subject into which Mr. Allen goes at great length. Cheiromnomy is certainly a science more "easily understood of the people," and one with which we confess to having a greater sympathy, than cheiromancy, for the appearance of the hands of one's friends and enemies is one of the most distinguishing characteristics by which to remember them either in amity or the reverse. Mr. Allen claims the Spatulate or Active Hand to be the "Protestant hand," on account of its preponderance of "reason" over "sentiment":—

The spatulate subject desires, in religion, a belief reasoned out and certain. His is the domain of Protestantism as opposed to the more *spirituelle*, impressive, and romantic Roman Catholicism. . . . The North American is the embodiment of this spatulate type, with his advanced notions, his industry, perseverance, and cunning, his economy, caution, and calculation; and as a result of many of these characteristics, we find the type largely represented in Scotland, far more generally indeed than in England, as a moment's consideration will prove to be natural.

The Conical Hand and the Pointed or Psychic Hand, though undeniably the most beautiful, are unfortunately generally wanting in solid qualities, according to Mr. Allen. Of the first he declares that it "is governed by inspiration, and is absolutely unfit for physical and mechanical pursuits"; but to our mind Mr. Allen in saying this makes too sweeping an assertion. This formation of hand is often to be met with amongst Arabs and Hindoos, and no one who has seen the heavy labour of an Egyptian fellah or of an Arab sailor, or the exquisite handiwork of the Hindoos, can allow that the Conical Hand is "absolutely unfit for physical or mechanical pursuits." As to the Psychic Hand, Mme. Blavatsky at least should stand up for it; for if there were more Psychic Hands no doubt we should have more Theosophists, at least if Mr. Allen's description of their weathercock capabilities is true. He says that "it is the Psychic Hand that invents a religion . . . such subjects are ruled by heart and soul, and they are easily fired with a wondrous enthusiasm . . . they can see beauty and good in every form of rule and government, from Autocracy to Republicanism, and in every form of belief from Popery to Positivism." During their flights after new religions it ought not to be difficult to capture for a time the owners of Psychic Hands with the blandishments of Buddhism, and thereby satisfy "the romantic instinct of piety, which with them," adds Mr. Allen, "is so strongly developed."

Ladies will not feel themselves quite ignored in Mr. Allen's book, for he devotes one whole sub-section to their hands, which he ends with the ominous words that he could discourse at a much greater length, but that "time, space, and an appreciation of my reader's mental capacity deter me." For the same reasons we will not follow Mr. Allen through the mazes of cheiromancy, but content ourselves by saying that the author is to be congratulated on having published an exceedingly concise and clearly-written guide to the study of a subject no doubt interesting to many; and, as most of his readers are probably young people, their "impetuous youth" will appreciate a system of marginal headings which will facilitate their study of Mr. Allen's pages. A word should be said in praise of Miss Horsley's quaint illustrations.

#### LIFE OF SIR CHARLES NAPIER.\*

WHEN Mr. W. N. Bruce says that "there are few men in the world's history about whom four volumes are read by a generation that has not known them," he is stating a most undeniable truth; but whether it is to the discredit of the writers of lives on this scale or to that of the general reader it is not necessary to decide. On the whole, it is quite as true that there are few men about whom one volume is read by a generation which has not known them. Still the general reader, concerning whom it is tolerably certain that he is an idle fellow, is more likely to read one volume than four. When, therefore, a biography of a memorable man exists on the bigger scale, and is not, by the combined faults of writer and reader, widely read, it is a respectable literary undertaking to reduce it to a more modest size. No harm can be done to the greater work, and much good may be done to the reader, provided the thing is done in a workmanlike way. All these conditions exist to justify Mr. Bruce. Sir Charles Napier was unquestionably a most memorable man, and though he was in no danger of sinking "into oblivion" (as Mr. Bruce seems to fear) or of being "remembered merely as an eccentric and unmanageable officer," still his life ought to be better known than it is. The biography by his brother has for various reasons never taken its place with Boswell's *Johnson* or Lockhart's *Scott*. It is an original authority, and all men are free to draw on it provided they make the proper acknowledgments. This Mr. Bruce has done. His book is not a mere

précis of Sir William's. He has read round his subject, and has talked it over with Sir M. McMurdo, who was Sir Charles Napier's son-in-law, and his aide-de-camp during many years. In the main, however, this volume is founded on Sir William Napier's biography of his brother. If somebody with a certain independent knowledge of the subject had done for Lockhart's *Scott* what Lockhart, not without reluctance, did himself, had reduced it to a straightforward narrative by suppression and selection, he would have produced much such a book as this of Mr. Bruce's. A work of this kind can hardly be in the first flight of biographies, but it may be sound, useful, and respectable.

These three adjectives may be used with perfect accuracy of Mr. Bruce's "Life," and readers whose heart fails them before four volumes may read him with pleasure and profit. They will benefit all the more if they exercise a little independent criticism. Mr. Bruce himself is much more of a chronicler than a judge. He belongs to the race of biographers who tell you their man was great and original, but not in what the greatness consisted nor the character of the originality. As a set-off to this, Mr. Bruce gives his reader ample means of forming a judgment for himself, if only he will. There are long quotations from Sir Charles and Sir William, and on p. 355 is to be found a letter by Carlyle, in which the hero is summed up in a manner which may well have frightened Mr. Bruce from attempting another judgment. Writing to Sir William Napier, Carlyle said, "The fine and noble qualities of the man are very recognizable to me; his piercing, subtle intellect turned all to the practical, giving him just insight into men and things; his inexhaustible adroit contrivances; his fiery valour, sharp promptitude to seize the good moment that will not return. A lynx-eyed, fiery man, with the spirit of an old knight in him." The whole letter is well worth reading as a specimen of Carlyle's style and an expression of his views, even if it did not contain a striking portrait of Sir Charles Napier and an admirable criticism of Sir William's literary work. Mr. Bruce has very properly quoted right and left from the copious diaries and letters of his hero, and admirable reading they are too. The account of the battle of Coruña is a perfect example of what a soldier's narrative should be. It is as good as, though different from, the story of the same battle told by his younger brother Sir George. The elder brother wrote with a passionate fury and a wild humour peculiar to himself. If it were the custom now to draw parallels between heroes, a very plausible one might be made between Sir Charles Napier and Lord Dundonald. They were unlike in many respects, and the soldier was the larger man of the two, and yet they touch at more points than one. It was said of Sir Charles that he came next in genius to Wellington, and it is equally true that Dundonald was nearer than any of his fellow-captains to Nelson. Yet neither man did the great things to be expected from him. They lived into peaceful times, and that stood in their way; but they were far more hampered by the fierce intellectual pride which made them dreadful to easy-going official superiors. Both were Radicals in theory, and intensely aristocratic in character. The Radicalism of Sir Charles was exactly of the same kind as Carlyle's—it was, in fact, a strong wish to see mankind well treated, well governed, and kept in strict order. He writes at times in a fashion calculated to delight a French democrat, but when it came to practice he had no intention of allowing his feet to wear his hat—to use his own language. The feet, according to his theory, were to be well looked after, but not to be encouraged to think they were the head. Mr. Bruce very wisely passes lightly over the long controversy with Outram. There is nothing in this world so sour as an old Indian quarrel—unless, perhaps, it be a new one—and the Bayard of India did enough good work to make all right-minded men ready to forget his self-righteousness and (to use plain language) his priggery. The campaigns of Sir Charles Napier are largely told in the form of quotations from his brother's Life, and his administration by extracts from his own diaries. Better authorities could not have been found. If, by relying on them, Mr. Bruce has deprived himself of his chance of producing an original book, he is entitled to the praise of having so chosen his quotations as to give a very coherent and intelligible account of a great piece of work and a recognizable picture of one of the most heroic men this country ever produced.

#### THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.\*

THE *Spirit of the Age* has not hitherto been one of Hazlitt's best-known works, though it has been more than once reprinted. Nor can it be said to be one of his best, still less to be one of his pleasantest. It contains, however, incidentally much of his singularly acute and original, though still more singularly unequal and crotchety, thought and judgment; and it is necessary to read it in order to understand the almost incredible savagery with which Hazlitt himself was attacked by writers in *Blackwood* and other Tory prints. In *The Spirit of the Age* and in the "Letter to William Gifford," which is included with it in this volume, the madness of Hazlitt's party zeal and personal asperity is seen at its height. It is not an unhappy coincidence that such a book should be republished at a time when some persons are, no doubt quite innocently, advocating the importation of political terms into literature, and when others,

\* *Life of General Sir Charles Napier, G.C.B.* By W. N. Bruce. London: John Murray.

\* *The Spirit of the Age.* By William Hazlitt. Edited by W. G. Hazlitt. London: Bell & Sons. 1886.



innocently or not, are advocating a return to the supposed good old days when even literary critics confined themselves to periodicals which held their own political views, and when, as a consequence, Tory books had no chance with Whig reviewers, and *vice versa*. The extracts which we proceed to give are not intended to gauge the literary value of the volume:—that, as was the case with everything that Hazlitt wrote, is very considerable. They shall be confined to showing how such a man should write of such men; for *The Spirit of the Age* is, it should perhaps be said, a collection of articles on about a score of prominent literary men of the day. We of course take the passages mainly, if not wholly, from articles dealing with men with whom Hazlitt did not agree.

This is how he speaks of Scott, after a really charming and enthusiastic tribute to his literary genius. He asks him "whether he is infatuated enough, or does he so doat and drivel over his own slothful and self-willed prejudices, as to believe that he will make a single convert to the beauty of legitimacy—that is to say, of lawless power and savage bigotry." And then he bursts out into a really eloquent, though somewhat lengthy, tirade in which he accuses Sir Walter of "abetting the views of the great with the pettifogging feelings of the meanest dependent on office," of being "seized with the dotage of age and the fury of a woman [it is Hazlitt who says this!] the moment politics are concerned," of "strewing the slime of rankling malice and mercenary scorn over the bud and promise of genius, because it was not fostered in the hot-bed of corruption, or warped by the trammels of servility," of "propping the throne by nicknames and the altar by lies," of "deluging, nauseating the public mind with the offal and garbage of Billingsgate abuse and vulgar slang," together with much else of the same kind. All which Midsummer madness simply means that Scott was a Tory, wrote in the *Quarterly Review*, and had a son-in-law who wrote in *Blackwood*. Byron fares (it is true with greater cause) not much better; for, though he was not a Tory, he was a lord, and had ill-treated Hazlitt's friend, Leigh Hunt. The critic writes of Southey and Wordsworth with elaborate, though evidently rather constrained, fairness. But when he comes to Canning the pot boils over once more. "Vamping up feeble sophisms," "spreading the colour of a meretricious fancy," "tissue of glistening sophistry," "light gleaming from the mouldering materials of corruption" are some of the pretty phrases that strike the reader on the very first pages. And the rest is like unto them. Even Moore, Liberal as he was, cannot be let off without the polite comparison to "a little French pug dog in the lap of a lady of quality." But the person in reference to whom Hazlitt fairly goes out of his mind is Gifford. There is an article in *The Spirit of the Age* itself devoted to him as well as the much longer "Letter." The article shows evident signs of repression, though even here Gifford's origin and early years (of which he made no secret, and which certainly were no disgrace) are jeered at. All his notions are declared to be "low." "Upstart," "servile pedantry," "dullness," "captiousness" rain from the castor. A parallel is drawn, after a fashion which so acute a critic as Hazlitt ought to have known to be wholly illegitimate (for the things are in perfectly different styles, and each is good in its style), between Keats's verses and Gifford's. But in the "Letter" all restraints and half-measures are thrown away. "Mercenary violence," "scum and sediment," "crawling and licking the dust," "innate littleness and vulgarity," "dull," "envious," "pragmatical," "low-bred," "prostituted impudence and shameless effrontery," "peevish effusions of bodily pain and mental imbecility," "slime and filth," "invincible pertness," "mercenary malice" are a few of the flowers of speech.

We have already said that there is much in the book which is of a different and far higher order. It contains some passages which show Hazlitt quite at his best both as a writer of prose and as a critic—some, moreover, which we think might have dispensed Jeffrey from asking Macaulay "where he got that style?" For it is certain that the earlier contributor to the *Edinburgh Review* has at times hit on something not unlike the manner of the later. As might be expected from a man of Hazlitt's temperament, the best articles are those on men with whom he had no general political quarrel, but with whom he disagreed sufficiently to give his critical instinct play. The opening paper on Bentham is a capital example of the kind, and those on Godwin, Cobbett, and others are very good. Of the editing of the volume we do not desire to say much. *Stat magni nominis umbra* for the shelter of any one of the family of Hazlitt, and, moreover, Mr. W. C. Hazlitt has himself done useful work before now. But his notes, we must confess, remind us too often of those which Carlyle described with unusually amiable severity as merely evidencing the existence of an editor in health and moderately good spirits who, if he had any information, would give it.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE first volume of M. Legouvé's *Souvenirs* (1) supplies, we think, the most interesting volume of its kind published since M. Maxime du Camp's, while it deals with matters much remoter and much less generally known than the subjects of that pleasant book. The veteran part-author of *Adrienne Lecouvreur* is now in his eightieth year, and his literary reminiscences, though he has modestly limited them in the title to a couple of gene-

rations, in reality go back much further. He can remember being taken as an orphan boy of six to a séance of the Academy where his dead father's panegyric was pronounced, and this séance was held two years before Waterloo. Later, when M. Legouvé comes to somewhat more detailed and still more personal souvenirs, his book has a peculiar interest, arising from the fact that the author's sympathies as well as his experiences lead him to deal, if not exactly with "les oubliés et les dédaignés," at any rate with leaders and members of the school which of late years has not been the winning school. Heaven forbid that we should avow or hint unfaithfulness to the great names and the great men of 1830! But, though the solid achievements of that Sacred Battalion die not, neither will die, it must be admitted that its anecdotal and literary frippery generally have been terribly hackneyed. The red tickets have *hierro* almost obliterated by dint of constant passing from hand to hand, the red waistcoat is so threadbare that it should really be hung up in the wardrobe, at any rate for a time. But the gossip literature about the *perruques* and the *grisettes* is very much less abundant and hackneyed. Even M. Legouvé, personally indebted as he acknowledges himself to be to Népomucène Lemerrier, admits that he is simply a name to the present generation of Frenchmen:—who, if we may be permitted to say so, might find much better reading in the *Panhyppocrisiade* than in their ordinary literary pasture of the day. Who now reads Casimir Delavigne? Who attaches any very definite idea to the name of that *vert galant* and ardent classic M. de Jouy, except that he was the soul of the petition to Charles X. to stop *Hernani*, and that he did some not quite forgotten libretto-work? Even the great name of Béranger is taken in vain not merely by the vile tribe of naturalism, but by persons like M. Renan. Of these and of others does M. Legouvé discourse largely and affectionately in his pages. The collaborator of Scribe must have had a congenial affection for their society, but he seems also to have been thrown into it by chance as well as choice. He had for guardian (and very good luck it was for him) the sentimental Bouilly, best known to Englishmen by a dim remembrance of seeing their sisters toiling over *Conseils à ma fille*, and this admirable person distinguished himself by trebling his ward's small property during his minority, and thus setting M. Legouvé for ever free from the necessity or writing for bread. He was early taken in hand by Casimir Delavigne, whose behaviour in the very trying position of successful poet consulted by ambitious poetic youth certainly seems by M. Legouvé's account to have been a most extraordinary mixture of good nature and good sense. Népomucène Lemerrier helped him to his first Academy prize. He was a frequenter of the Salon of M. de Jouy, the very citadel of Giza, the centre of the machinations against the children of literary light. He adored Andrieux, another amiable and witty obscurantist, and appears to this day to have retained a very disproportionate admiration for Villemain. Indeed let us say in passing that M. Legouvé's criticism does not seem to be his strong point. He has a good deal to say of Béranger and a very great deal to say about Eugène Sue, of whom, we suspect, very few English readers of the *Juif errant* know much personally. Among these classics or nondescripts, the mighty form of one *Roman-tique à tous crins* does indeed occur, but he was a Romantic in art, not in letters, and his name was Hector Berlioz. With him M. Legouvé was very intimate, and was indeed one of the friends, who on a memorable occasion succeeded in persuading Berlioz that it was not exactly a case for suicide and murder when poor Miss Smithson, writhing with a dislocated foot, did not entirely forget that inconvenience at the announcement of the withdrawal of paternal objection to the marriage. On this occasion M. Legouvé displayed diplomatic talents of the very highest order. He pointed out to the despairing lover that Miss Smithson never played parts of a heroic or semi-masculine kind, such as Portia in *Julius Caesar*, Lady Macbeth, Volumnia, and so forth, but only amiable and feminine characters like Ophelia and Desdemona. Therefore a complete superiority to pain would have been altogether out of her artistic character; and Berlioz himself, by neglecting this fact, had been guilty of a gross error. The artist at once recognized this as a critical truth, was consoled, and proceeded to play fandango on the guitar.

To the list of well-known persons who figure here at full length we must add Malibran, and to that of less well-known Dupaty. It will be seen that, as the *Souvenirs* nominally go no further than 1834, and therefore leave fifty years of the author's life to come, M. Legouvé has made a very good beginning. He has kept himself somewhat modestly in the background, arranging his book rather as a succession of portraits of the interesting persons he has known than as an account of his own life. But he is generally present on the scene as a useful though not obtrusive actor, and he takes particular pleasure in dwelling on his taste for two of certainly not the meaner pleasures, music and fencing. In connexion with the latter taste he has here given not only a pleasant chapter on the art in general, but another, including two sketches of two "great masters," Bertrand and Robert. "J'adore Bertrand," says M. Legouvé, with a frankness which we are sure must charm everybody in an octogenarian amateur. In short, readers of the most diverse tastes will find here a very delightful book.

(1) *Soixante ans de souvenirs*. Par Ernest Legouvé. Tome I. Paris: Hetzel.

## NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

**A**N able, fair, and intelligent *Handbook of the History of Philosophy* is very much needed. Any diner-out will remember how glibly young—really young—ladies of the present day talk of Kant and Hegel, of Cousin and Comte. Mr. Bax (Bell & Sons) has written for people who dabble in philosophy after this fashion, without time, perhaps without ability, to study the subject thoroughly. Unfortunately the class for whom his book appears to be intended will not look at anything so simple and outspoken. He had at first undertaken a new edition of Tennemann, but very wisely preferred on consideration to write a wholly new work. The plan adopted has been to notice in more or less detail the teaching of those philosophers whose names mark epochs; but a progressively expanding treatment has been attempted as the author approached modern times. In curious contrast to Mr. Bax's book, *New Social Teachings*, by Politicus (Kegan Paul), come to show how much sobriety and impartiality are needed for the guidance of the "fresh forces" of which the author speaks. On the brow of the nation's better self sit, we are told, Faith and Hope. Hope sings ditties about the essential impotence of wrong; Faith leads man to labour for purity and order. The scene is completed by the introduction of "high faith," which apparently needs no capital letters, and of labour—also without capital—which is "the only rational reason for rational existence." More tiresome and not so amusing is Mr. Bascom's *Problems in Philosophy* (New York: Putnam), in which a religious point of view is adopted, and the kingdom of Heaven, rather than labour, is made the ultimate realization of a proper application of natural laws. The same publishers have also issued Mr. Porter's *Mechanics and Faith*, a work in which the "eccentric crank" is relied on as an illustration of great religious and moral truths. The whole book is intended as a study of spiritual truth in nature; but Mr. Porter does not seem to know more than other people about "The Unseen" or about "The Unity of the Mind," in spite of the moral guidance of his eccentric crank. The same subject, or part of it, forms the argument of Mr. H. L. Browne's *Reason and Religious Belief* (Kegan Paul). In the possibility of miracles, according to Mr. Browne, religion, and with religion morals, must stand or fall. *The Light of Life*, by J. J. Kain (Wyman), is a curious, not to say crude, mixture of facts and fancies, gathered to prove, among other things, that vaccination is immoral, and that hospitals should be abolished and the money they cost spent in feeding the unemployed.

*The History of Pedagogy* (Boston: Heath), by Gabriel Compayré, is well worth reading, and has been ably translated by Mr. W. H. Payne. It contains a good deal of scrappy but interesting information, and many quotations, and is systematically arranged in numbered paragraphs on more than five hundred pages of thin paper. To those engaged in education who are open to receive hints and do not object to read of opinions with which they may disagree a book like this affords much food for reflection.

Mr. D. H. Montgomery, in his *Leading Facts of English History* (Boston: Ginn & Co.), seems to have put together in a small space, with a clear method of arrangement, the most needful heads for a chronological and political account of "the mother-country." Such summaries, with good tables of dates and statistics, are always valuable, and Mr. Montgomery's compact work will be found useful for reference.

If we are to be much longer without a Government which has a foreign policy, General Brent on *Mobilizable Fortifications* (Kegan Paul) will become a very valuable work to be read and studied by all. When our prestige is finally destroyed abroad, we must fight for what is left to us at home. General Brent knows what fighting for one's country means, having been in the Confederate army during the late American war. "I have sought," he says in his preface, "to consider how one may best defend his country at the least cost of blood and treasure." The chapter on the defence of railways is especially valuable.

*Rudiments of Chemistry*, by Temple Orme (Swan Sonnenschein), seems to be a very useful and handy little volume. A price list of everything required for the experiments and demonstrations described is placed in an Appendix. Another manual which assists students is Mr. A. Park's carefully compiled *Helps in English* (Dawson), a book which might be recommended further as likely to suit foreigners who seek to learn the niceties of our language. Mr. R. St. J. Tyrwhitt in *An Amateur Art-Book* (Oxford: Vincent) conveys a good deal of information in a dreary, didactic way.

Among the reprints of the week, by far the most important is *The Vicar of Wakefield* (Nimmo). Goldsmith's immortal tale is delightfully illustrated in colour, by M. V. A. Poirson; and there is a prefatory memoir by Mr. George Saintsbury, full of delicate criticism and careful research, although, as every reader will say, much too short. The illustrations are sketchy, fresh, merry, and in colours perfectly harmonious. Such a book is a boon to the cultivated reader, of every age except one, that in which sight grows short and glasses are not yet assumed; for, on the one hand the print is small, and on the other the lovely cuts, however slight, are full of detail. Another new edition of *The Vicar of Wakefield* is issued in the Pocket Library of Messrs. Routledge, a dainty little series, which we have already noticed with praise. In the same publishers' Universal Library we observe Miss Edgeworth's *Stories of Ireland*; and in the World Library, which Mr. Haweis edits, White's *Selborne*. Four of Macaulay's *Essays* and a volume

of Emerson's works are edited by Mr. Bettany for the Popular Library of Messrs. Ward & Lock.

*Starving London*, a series of papers contributed to the *Globe* by Mr. A. S. Krausse, is published in a small volume by Messrs. Remington. We have also received new editions of *English Practical Banking*, by T. B. Moxon (Manchester: Heywood); and of *Who and What is God?* by the Rev. J. Longland (Hamilton & Adams). The third edition of the second volume of Professor George Minchin's *Treatise on Statics* (Clarendon Press) has appeared. It is revised and enlarged.

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